

LINCOLN AS A WINNER AND LOSER OF CASES IN COURT,
AN ORIGINAL STUDY OF THE RECORDS.

HOW THE ASSOCIATED PRESS HANDLES ITS ENORMOUS BUSINESS.

Vol-4.

OCTOBER.

No-4.

A BROTHER OF EDWIN AND BARCLAY COPPOC PRONOUNCES RICHARD REAF THE BETRAVER OF JOHN BROWN!



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THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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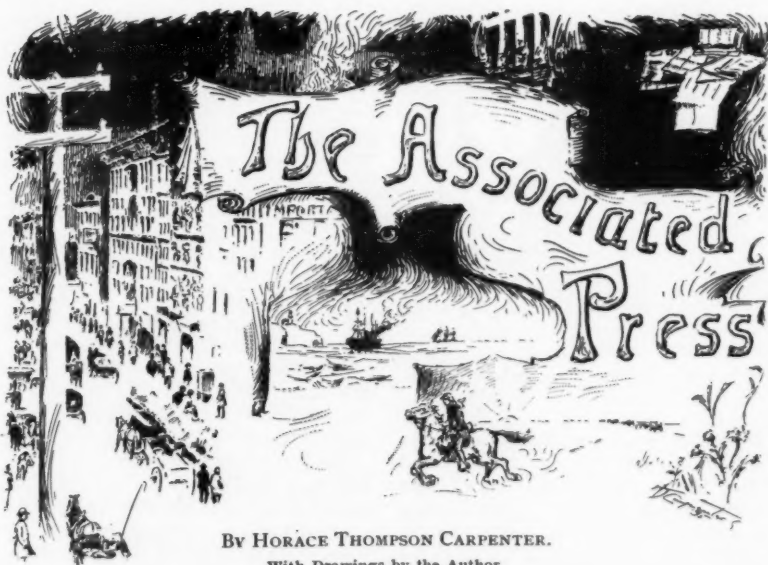
TYPES OF MIDLAND BEAUTY. IV.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME IV.

OCTOBER, 1895.

NUMBER 4.



BY HORACE THOMPSON CARPENTER.

With Drawings by the Author.

I.

THERE are still to be seen in New York carrier-pigeon cotes, which within the memory of many were not unimportant factors in the beginning and development of the present vast system of collecting news by The Associated Press.

Perhaps in no better way can the uninitiated understand and appreciate the present system than by first glancing at the methods of gathering news in vogue some fifty or sixty years ago.

When the Whigs were in the heyday of their exuberant youth; when Webster, Clay, Calhoun and their associates were making history—and the people only half understanding it—and when the cool and prudent General Zachary Taylor was in Corpus Christi making preparations for the famous victories that followed; and, too, when the now half-forgotten Dr. Anson Jones was occupying the presidential chair of the thriving Republic of

Texas, then it was that newspaper men began to fret and chafe at the limit of their horizon. The course of empire was spreading westward; our shipping was in the ascendancy—well in the lead of the world's maritime procession; the vast resources of the Republic were daily becoming more apparent; the pulse of American life was beginning to beat faster and faster. While the nation and its affairs were developing, business of every description increasing, opportunities of boundless magnitude presenting themselves, the newspaper world found the problem of securing quick and reliable information of the world's doings daily growing more complicated and the necessity and importance of united action and combined effort more and more apparent. Electricity had not yet been bridled and tamed; steam was yet in its infancy and an unfearful rival of horse or sail power. Therefore, what more natural than to try



"Then it was that the newspaper men began to fret and chafe at the limit of their horizon."

and utilize—as in the days of old—the carrier-pigeon! The thought was acted upon and this fleet little carrier bore a useful and interesting part in transmitting messages within certain limits. So the pigeon cotes that received and sheltered this unique flock still stand as eloquent reminders of one of the characteristic traits of Americans, that of adapting and utilizing the means at hand. The swift carriers of Persian kings and Turkish sultans were trained for this special service of message-bearing. This was the embryo of the present Associated Press.

The expense of the service was jointly borne by a number of leading New York

journals of the time that had banded together for mutual benefit and in the interest of the public.

But news was at first received through comparatively slow channels. Stages, canal packet-boats, steamboats and, only too often, sailing vessels were the media relied upon. Travelers were interviewed then as now. The first question, however, would not be as to personal opinion upon a country and inhabitants that had been observed only from the vessel's deck. But the traveler who had not something of interest to impart in those days was a rare exception. The blasé globe-trotter was not then known. He is a product of later day civilization, whose reason for being has not yet been satisfactorily determined upon.

Somewhere about this time, the elder Bennett, with his small tugs and steamers, established a system of going out to meet all incoming vessels for first news.

The Pony Express was also one of the important media in receiving and dispatching news, and was widely used until the introduction of telegraphy. Prior to these rather crude though energetic efforts news-gathering was largely a matter of individual effort. While dispatches of importance were still being rushed through from town to town, across wild and half-broken country; while swift but tough and shaggy, mud-bespattered ponies, with equally mud-soiled riders, were daily received and dispatched; while stages with their promiscuous and adventuresome occupants—with haughty or loquacious



"The elder Bennett, with his small tugs and steamers, established a system of going out to meet all incoming vessels for first news."

driver, as the case might be, well-braced amid great mail-pouches — were eagerly watched for and welcomed, the great forerunner of our present civilization was emerging from its embryonic state, stretching out its web-like strands across the hills and valleys of New York and Pennsylvania, westward bound.

The year 1846 found this marvelous piece of mechanism actually penetrating as far into the "wilds" as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Here it rested for a time. The messages received over the wires were once more handed over to fleet couriers and were carried as far west as Cincinnati and neighboring towns. The less fortunate papers still farther west relied upon the less rapid method of stage and boat.

On the advent of telegraphy, the press, as a matter of course, was the first institution to show the marked change and benefit. Thence on, the world — at least the part of it that represented progress and civilization — was to enter a new era.

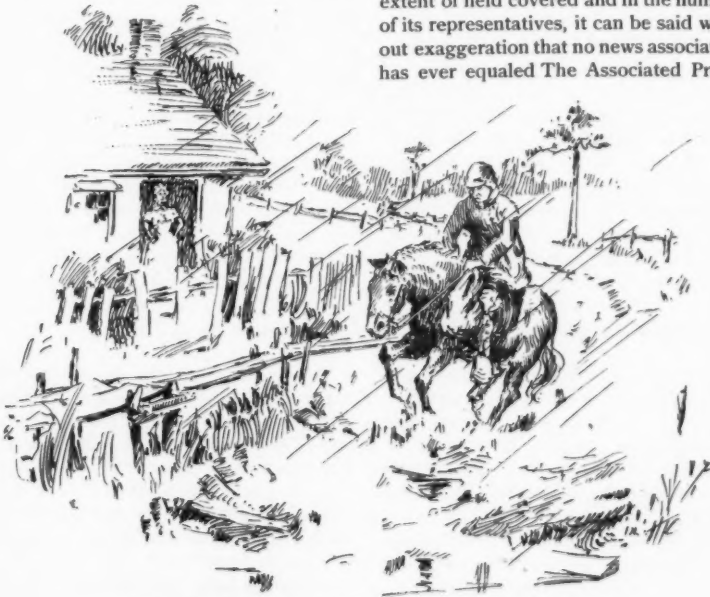
If the press was the first to adapt itself to these new conditions, and show its powerful and civilizing influence, and to be itself lifted out of ruts, yet never for a moment did it shirk its duty in fulfilling the exacting requirements of these new conditions.

Individual direction has erred from time to time, as it doubtless will err in all time; but the press as a whole has not only moved forward with the times but, for the most part, has proven the forerunner of progress.

II.

That various associations for the gathering and disseminating of news should, under the circumstances, spring up and strive for existence and wide recognition, stands to reason. No less in reason that out of the efforts of many to reach perfection some one in particular should, by virtue of the same logic, reach that perfection, or at least supremacy.

In thoroughness, in reliability, in the extent of field covered and in the number of its representatives, it can be said without exaggeration that no news association has ever equaled The Associated Press.



"Swift but tough and shaggy, mud-bespattered ponies, with equally mud-soiled riders."

Its 20,000 miles and more of leased wire in the United States alone and its connections abroad, covering every country where civilization has penetrated, well attest its preëminent facilities.

This leased wire mileage, enormous in extent as it is, in reality represents but one branch of the field controlled by and available to the Association. Special agents are located everywhere. Special facilities, either with wire or carriers, are utilized and established under certain conditions. For instance, leased wires are run directly to the scenes of national conventions, and full reports of proceedings sent out without a moment's delay. In any event of special interest to the public, no pains or expense is spared to have complete and immediate reports made. In Chicago, upon the execution of Prendergast, the murderer of Mayor Harrison, wires were run into the jail, and both the reporters and operators of the Association made immediate reports of everything pertaining to the execution. At the time of the notorious prize fight in Jacksonville, Florida, between Corbett and Jackson, seven mounted couriers on fleet racers carried the dispatches containing reports of the progress of the much discussed fight to the nearest telegraph wire a mile and a half distant. The energy shown and brilliant work done upon this occasion by the Association's representatives, under countless and aggravating difficulties, elicited the admiration of the newspaper world both at home and abroad. Something like 50,000 words on this event were filed between daylight and dusk.

In this connection it should not be overlooked that The Associated Press, in its dealings with the world and as a gatherer and a distributor of news, must of necessity be not only impartial in its handling of news,—so long as it is legitimate and sought after,—but, as a coöperative institution, must be absolutely non-partisan, non-sectarian and broad, that its clientage of newspapers of every shade of opinion may be satisfied. So, whether it is dealing with a national con-

vention, a great temperance reform movement, a hanging or a prize fight, its province is only that of a news gatherer in presenting to the public prompt and accurate reports of what occurs.

Not that it should be inferred that opportunity never occurs when its mighty power can be used for the purest, noblest and highest principles. But it can well be understood that with its varied clientage, and greater sub-clientage in the legion of readers who hold views of every known character, sect and ism, strict-moraled and lax-moraled, it requires a nicety of judgment and discernment to know when and where to tighten the line, which is not often vouchsafed to any one individual. Yet that this very thing has been done by the present management with admirable effect will not be gainsayed by anyone familiar with the facts.

One instance in point, which came under the writer's personal observation. During the recent great strike and subsequent railroad riots, when good government for the moment seemed almost paralyzed, and lawlessness seemed let loose the country over, a series of communications and addresses were widely published throughout the country that unquestionably did incalculable good in restoring order and respect for our local and national government. It was the good Archbishop Ireland from whom these emanated, and it was the present manager of The Associated Press, with whom the Archbishop was so frequently closeted, that made it possible for the widespread good to be accomplished.

III.

The membership of The Associated Press consists, with only few exceptions, of the leading and most influential journals of the country. The papers that are not members are out of the Association either on account of their having been refused admittance through the action of local boards—the mission of which will be explained further on—or perhaps from some strong personal feeling of pride toward propping up a declining pet hobby.

I believe the first news-gathering association of which there is any record was called the New York Associated Press, though never incorporated. Their clientage was large. It was under the management of D. H. Craig, who was succeeded by Mr. Symonton. Horace White, now editor of the New York *Evening Post* and first vice-president of the Associated Press, was the first agent of the New York Associated Press appointed in Chicago. Marvin Hughitt, now president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, it is

simply clients. Coördinate agents were the New England Associated Press, the New York City Press and the Philadelphia Associated Press (including Philadelphia and Baltimore papers). Another was the Western Associated Press already mentioned, then the Northwestern Associated Press. The Southern Associated Press was afterward formed and served the South, and Washington and Philadelphia



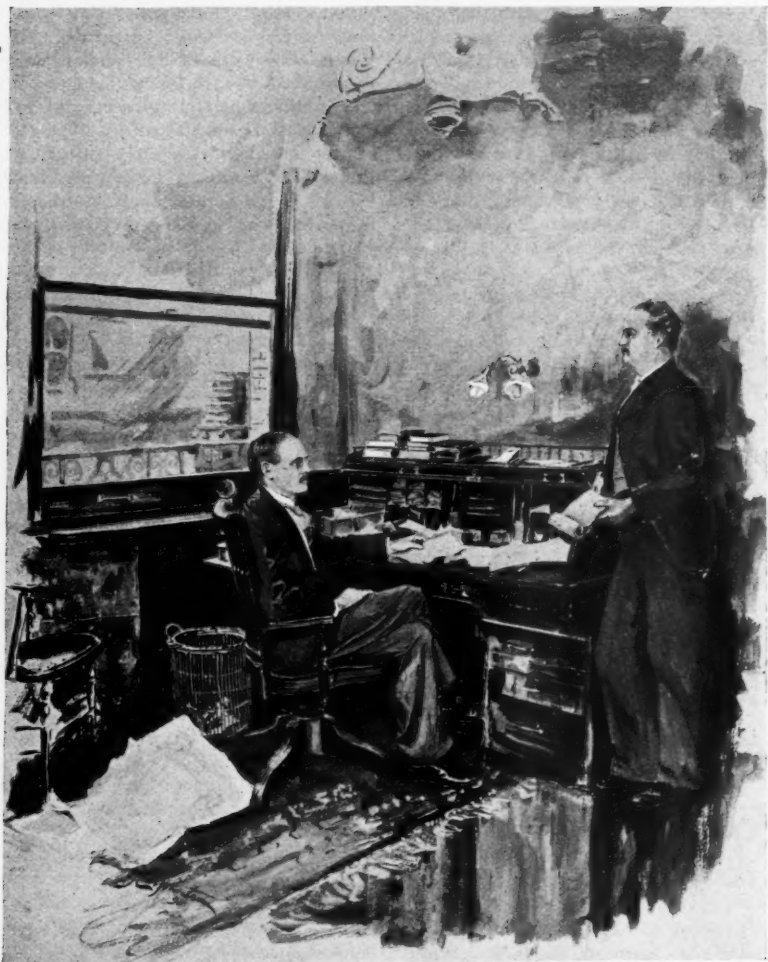
"But the New York Associated Press was immovable in its short-sighted policy."

interesting to note, was then one of the telegraph operators under Mr. White. Wilbur F. Storey, editor of the Chicago *Times*, was afterward their Chicago agent.

About 1865 the Western Associated Press was established, under the laws of Michigan, with headquarters at Cleveland. It bought its news from the New York Association, which comprised seven papers, the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Express*, afterward the *Mail*. The other papers were

papers. The papers of the far West were clients only.

With the unpleasant theory (at least to "the under-dog") that might is right constantly and unceasingly exemplified, the New York Press Association began in the early sixties to make itself somewhat obnoxious to its western clients. This theory was shown in many ways, not only in the arbitrary stand made by the New York Association in not allowing the western members a voice in the management, but also by endeavoring to



Drawing by Horace Thompson Carpenter.

MR. MELVILLE E. STONE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, AND HIS
PRIVATE SECRETARY, MR. F. H. KIRBY.

saddle all the expenses of the entire association on the western constituency. In other words, taxation without representation.

But the New York Associated Press was immovable in its short-sighted policy. Discontent grew stronger and stronger, yet, fearing the consequences of a break

with the older organization, definite action was deferred by the Western Association.

However, in 1882, an arrangement was finally effected that brought these two great news organizations of America together, under the management of a committee composed of proprietors of three New York and two western newspapers.

William Henry Smith, who had been general agent of the Western Associated Press, was appointed general manager of the combined associations. The consolidation or working arrangement was entered into for a period of ten years, and while the two associations retained their respective titles, they were generally known from this time on as "The Associated Press."

In England, where only the New York

and the two associations prepared to separate. The Western Association in 1892 obtained a new charter under the title of "The Associated Press," while the New York Associated Press disappeared, having fallen under the control of another press agency called "The United Press."

Between the latter and the new Associated Press a working arrangement was entered into, in some respects similar to that with the New York Associated Press, but which was made more to the advantage of The Associated Press.



THE MESSENGER BOY.

"At times he seems to be largely responsible for his reputation."

Associated Press was known, the title was changed to "The Associated Press," which the letter-heads and similar documents showed represented the Western as well as the New York. The latter association under the new management had an equal voice with New York in controlling the cable news sent to America.

When the agreement of 1882 neared a termination, proposals were made to form a National Association under a single charter, but no agreement was reached

In this contract, as well as in all the negotiation which preceded and followed it, the United Press admitted and recognized the right of the organized company to the title "The Associated Press."

For some months—from December, 1892—the United Press and The Associated Press exchanged news as the New York and the Western had done; but finally, in August, 1893, all relations between the two agencies ceased. The immediate cause indeed of the dissolu-

tion of the working arrangement was the fact of the United Press encroaching upon the territory of The Associated Press.

The news of the Reuter, Havas and Wolff agencies had always formed the basis of a successful foreign news service for America, and a draft contract had been drawn between these agencies on the one part and The Associated Press and the United Press on the other. Owing to the attitude of the United Press towards The Associated Press, however, and to certain secret proposals which were made by the manager of the United Press to Reuter's agency, in which the United Press endeavored to induce Reuter to execute the contract in the name of the International Telegram Company (a concern owned entirely by three or four members of the United Press), Reuter and his allies refused to enter into any arrangement with the United Press alone. The latter, in August, 1893, reopened its London office and resumed its functions of gathering and sending news to America.

The Associated Press has, since its revival, become gradually well known to newspapers in England, and it has been steadily growing in importance. It has established relations with the London *Times* and other newspapers and has formed many connections of great value to it as a news agency.

IV.

So many false and apparently malicious statements regarding The Associated Press have been circulated, so many petty slanders have been set afloat touching the *personnel* of the organization, that the quiet and dignified but forceful policy which has unceasingly been pursued compels our respect and admiration. The magnitude of success that has crowned the labor of those who have brought it to its present complete condition must be a matter of congratulation alike to its management, its members and the public.

The Associated Press as an organization has never pretended a philanthropic origin or existence further than is sug-

gested in its coöperative and mutual features. The stand is well expressed in the legend adopted, "One for all and all for one." And the organization is true to this, its strongest principle. Nor is there any thought or possibility of turning it into a money-making institution, but its aim is to do business at cost. Membership is on a basis of equalization; each assessment is made in proportion to the character of the news report taken. The mutual and coöperative features cannot be too strongly presented. Indeed, its very existence as an organization is dependent upon this position. As no one newspaper could alone stand the enormous expense entailed in gathering the news of the world, it was but the logical sequence of events in the progress and development of our modern wants and necessities that a number of leading journals should combine and bear their proportion of the expense of purchasing news in bulk as their needs should direct.

One of the most important as well as heaviest items of expense is the ocean cable service. For the younger generation it is a difficult matter to imagine a time when such service must not have been a necessity, but there are few men who have reached middle age that do not recall the excitement of the first experiments in laying the ocean cable. It was in 1858 that Cyrus W. Field sent the first message to The Associated Press announcing the successful laying of the cable; but disheartening failures to continue the service were encountered before the wonderful achievement became a permanent realization for all time.

That time finally came in 1866, when the universal rejoicing was commensurate with a great victory. The uniting of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, with a strand so slight that it seemed hardly more than a good-sized hawser, might not in itself seem such a marvelous achievement,—though certainly it was such merely as an engineering feat,—yet what could it not portend!

It is only necessary to look back through the files of newspapers of that

time to appreciate the incredulity, ridicule and opposition which the projectors of the cable encountered. But this has been the history of all great accomplishments. Who can measure the effect produced by that little group of wires since the first message was sent under the ocean—a telegram of congratulation from President Johnson to Queen Victoria—in broadening and civilizing the world and increasing the world's material prosperity, comfort, happiness and knowledge! The incredulity and skepticism, which had everywhere greeted the project of an ocean cable service, was challenged in a manner that brought fortune and fame to those interested, and a successful solution of the problem of rapid communication beyond all hope and expectation. It is perhaps superfluous to add that of all enterprises or organizations The Associated Press of necessity must have been most benefited by the Atlantic Cable, because of its position as a gatherer and distributor of news.

In all great and revolutionizing changes, inventions and adaptations, the pioneers of progress and improvement have had obstacles thrown in the way of success from every conceivable quarter. Nowhere was this narrow and bigoted spirit and unresponsive attitude shown in a more discouraging and aggravating manner than when Professor Morse struggled and waited in vain for recognition and action from Congress to enable him to prove to the world that he had discovered a means of fairly starting civilization upon a new era.

With indefatigable courage the inventor had braved the ridicule, skepticism and opposition that everywhere met his efforts to induce public trial of his invention, and it is surely a part of the history of a news-gathering association to refer to this, the most important branch of such an organization.

It was on a bright day in May, 1844, that messages were first actually exchanged between Baltimore and Washington, and thence until the present time each day has seemed to bring forth new

evidence of the magnitude and importance of the invention that enables the press and the world to control the swiftest and most subtle of all mediums, Electricity.

The reports of the recent yearly contest between Oxford and Cambridge is a good illustration of the rapidity with which a world-wide matter of interest travels nowadays.

Last April when the race was rowed, the operators for thousands of miles of cable and wire were prepared to receive the name of the winner, as has been the usual custom for several years. But, to show the extraordinary quickness of telegraphy, it took only two minutes by actual calculation for the name of the winning college to reach Denver from the finishing point on the Thames, and four minutes to reach San Francisco. Of course, as above stated, every operator for thousands of miles was prepared for it, but even so the fact is not less wonderful.

Take another instance—and one even more extraordinary—the assassination of President Carnot. It was of course known by news managers and the public generally that Carnot was to be at Lyons on that day and to take part in a demonstration, but no one feared such a catastrophe as did happen. When the murderer committed his dastardly act, the news was at once flashed to London by The Associated Press agent, who was in close proximity to the scene of the tragedy, and the news reached London fully five minutes before it was even known at the rear end of the procession which the carriage of the President was leading. But, more wonderful still, it almost simultaneously reached New York, and fifteen minutes later the New York *World*, a member of The Associated Press, had an "extra" on the street containing a quarter of a column of the news in regard to it.

V.

The Associated Press has a membership of two hundred and eighty affiliated members and one hundred and fifty stock-

holders. The clientage served through minor agencies includes about seventeen hundred newspapers—something over rather than under. The members are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, though seldom brought together, the principle of self-governing is so strongly imbedded in the management that, with the *esprit de corps* and enthusiastic loyalty everywhere shown, it is bringing results which the most sanguine and hopeful could hardly have anticipated.

Each of the members engages by contract to contribute the news of his immediate vicinage to The Associated Press and to no other association. This mutual feature, each newspaper constantly on the alert for news and transmitting immediately anything of importance within its field which is of interest to the world at large—such as ruinous floods, devastating fires, unusual crimes—to the nearest accredited division agent, has developed a vigilant, exhaustless and admirably equipped corps of news-gatherers, the equal of which could in no other way be maintained. As every news member expects to be impartially and reliably served by fellow members through the general offices of the Association, so each in his turn strives to outdo his rival as to dispatch and accuracy. As might be expected, under such a system, little of interest escapes the Association's agents, for an agent each member practically constitutes himself.

The Associated Press system in the United States is divided into divisions. The Eastern Division has its headquarters at New York, in charge of Mr. Frank W. Mack. Col. Charles S. Diehl, Assistant General Manager, has also his headquarters here. The Southern Division has headquarters at Washington D. C., with Charles A. Boynton in charge. The Central Division is at Chicago, with Addison C. Thomas superintendent. The general offices are located in Chicago, Melville E. Stone, its General Manager. The Western Division headquarters are at San Francisco, John P. Dunning in charge.

In these divisions at certain central points agents are appointed who are held responsible for the Association's work within their prescribed limits, and to whom reports are submitted by the various newspaper members for transmission, and to whom the latter, in their turn, look for such reports, for which they have respectively contracted.

As a necessary and vital check in the protection of the privileges of The Associated Press members throughout the country, and to preserve the salient and coöperative features of the Association, a plan was adopted for forming local boards. The members of the local boards have by right of priority the privilege to decide upon the admission of any newspaper applicant. It is provided in the by-laws of the Association that in every city where there is more than one member holding membership certificate, entitled Series A, a local board, acting under a charter issued by the Board of Directors of the Association, shall be formed with proper officers,—president, secretary, etc.,—and that it will require the unanimous consent in writing of such members for admission. When there is only one member in a city holding this certificate, Series A, that member can exercise all the power and privilege of a local board. This power tends not only to keep out all undesirable applicants that might use the privilege for speculative or ulterior purposes, but also serves to keep in proper balance the value of the franchise itself.

The extent of the leased wire system of The Associated Press as it now exists is indicative of the Association's magnitude. These wires stretch out a great network across the American continent from St. Johns to Seattle and San Diego; from Duluth to Jacksonville, New Orleans, Galveston and San Antonio, with a total of over twenty thousand miles—day and night wires.

Take this grand total, and then try and grasp the fact that not a hamlet so small, not a section of the country so remote but that when it has something to report

which the world wants to know, it becomes for the time being an important feeder to this great system.

A very recent extension of the leased wire system is of universal interest, inasmuch as it now places the City of Mexico in direct communication with all parts of the world touched by The Associated Press. Strange as it may seem, this is the first time in the history of the two republics that direct telegraphic news connection has been an actual fact. The connection has been made through San Antonio and Laredo, Texas. At Laredo, on the border of Mexico, connection is made with the Mexican National Railway Company, that runs direct from that point to the City of Mexico. The full report is now being transmitted to Laredo, and there placed on the wires of the Mexican National and transmitted direct to the City of Mexico for publication in the *Herald*.

While the bare statement of this fact perhaps furnishes an ordinary item of news for general publication, yet anyone familiar with methods of obtaining news in this near "far-away" country will realize and appreciate the real significance of it, for in truth this is the first time that Mexico has received the press dispatches fresh.

Heretofore it has been largely the custom to clip from Galveston and El Paso papers the news that had been published in those cities and sent as best they could over government wires and otherwise, to such papers as might wish news in the way of briefest form. In one way and another the news that has been sent, when finally published, has been so garbled and unreliable that a great deal of misconception has resulted on both sides, and it not only retarded national friendship but has been of incalculable harm in diverting trade and preventing business relations.

Now the capital of the Mexican Republic is enabled to receive the authentic news of the world as quickly and reliably as Denver or San Francisco. The night the service was started, the news was

actually transmitted from Chicago to the City of Mexico within ten minutes.

Did space permit, it would be interesting to here note the strong words of approval expressed by such men as President Cleveland, President Diaz, and President Raoul, of the Mexican National, as to the importance of this difficult and enterprising move of The Associated Press; but one and all agree as to the beneficial results that will surely follow.

The European agent, Mr. Walter Neef, through his London office, receives news from the European centers all fed by a system hardly less vast and infinitely more complicated than our own. Many companies in the Old World give their aid and facilities toward a complete foreign service. Far-reaching and comprehensive contracts with the largest and most important news-gathering associations of Europe give to The Associated Press unlimited facilities. Try and conceive what all this means,—the enormous expense involved, the unceasing and untiring vigilance of the Association's allies, and you may the better understand the reason that the words are well chosen which ascribe to the Association a system of magnitude unparalleled in the history of news gathering.

Apropos of expenses incurred and the unique character of the system, the writer, while in the general office of The Associated Press recently, had his attention drawn to a little bunch of manifold matter that lay on the top of a desk at his side. This bunch of manifold probably did not exceed in size eighteen inches square. It represented the net result of The Associated Press for the month of April, 1895. It was type-written as a matter of course. Upon inquiring how many words it contained, the information was given that it consisted of a million and a half of words and represented a cost of over \$100,000. Few readers of the daily newspapers realize the tremendous outlay and what little there is to show for it at the end of the month or year.

The same is true of every large metropolitan journal. At the end of the year

they simply have their files containing copies of their paper of every day during the year; yet the news contained therein has cost the Press of which the paper is a member about a million and a half dollars, with nothing to show for it except a little roll of manifold and a small file of newspapers.

VI.

To touch upon one of the details of this great system, though by no means the least, the admirably arranged and perfected system of pneumatic tubes for transmitting messages, etc., to the various editorial rooms of the members, must not be overlooked.

Endless trouble, aggravating and annoying beyond endurance, had been experienced for years in getting matter delivered quickly and promptly from both Associated and City Press to their clients' rooms. In Chicago the long-suffering victims seemed to have endured unwonted hardship in this direction.

The messenger boy is doubtless a much-abused, slandered and generally scoffed-at creature. At times he seems to be largely responsible for his reputation,—the obliquity cast upon his gentle and restful profession. But, responsible or not responsible, maligned or rightfully "jumped upon," manifold copy, reporters' copy, important and non-important matter, were all alike delayed.

To remedy this world-wide condition the country was ransacked for a Pied-Piper of Hamelin, as it were. He was found in the person of Addison C. Thomas, of Chicago, the present superintendent of the Central Division of The Associated Press. The choice was wisely made. Having surveyed the group of messenger boys, Mr. Thomas concluded he could improve upon the article, and though the temptation to play upon words should be resisted, yet as a recorder of history the writer feels bound to say the group, like our little friends of Hamelin, were literally piped away, and to-day the most complete system of pneumatic tubes that has ever been devised connects the Press Association with the newspapers.

Though it was a serious problem to solve, Mr. Thomas was given full leeway so far as expense was concerned. After extensive and thorough research and study, familiarizing himself with all that had been done with pneumatic tubes both at home and abroad, the present system was planned and put into practical operation, and to-day stands without a superior. The careful and intelligent manner in which all of the details of this complicated undertaking are watched, the difficulties and obstacles successfully overcome, not only redounds to the credit of Mr. Thomas, but is proof of the progressive and modern character of the press organization.

In Chicago the tubes are laid under some of the principal streets, running from the Association's rooms in the Western Union Building at Clark and Jackson streets, diverging at intersecting streets to the various points of destination.

While the scientific and technical points of this system are varied and interesting to the expert, it will perhaps be sufficient to say here, for general information that, with the aid of these transmitting tubes, news-matter that is received in the telegraph operating rooms of The Associated Press is, upon receipt, instantly transferred to the various newspaper offices that are members of the Association.

For instance, a great calamity occurs—say a Mississippi steamer destroyed by fire, the occurrence accompanied by great loss of life. Either a division or local agent is immediately dispatched to the scene of disaster or the nearest point where reliable information can be obtained. As quickly as an intelligent and accurate understanding of the occurrence can be secured, a condensed report is hurried to the nearest telegraph office, received by the Association's own operators at the general office, and manifold copies written out on typewriters directly from the wire. These sheets are without delay put into pneumatic tubes leading to the transferring room below, and thence thrust quickly into a little tube box called a carrier. This carrier is made of flexible leather with an inner spiral frame to

keep it in proper form that it may readily travel around the curves. Each end has a band of soft fur or wool to make it fit snugly. Not infrequently in sending reports of this nature, or indeed of any important event, members of the Association actually have the first sheets from the reporter's or correspondent's report that have gone through the operators' hands, the general office of The Associated Press and pneumatic tubes, all without delay or hitch, while the account is rapidly being written wherever the representative may have found a convenient place to use his pencil.

It may be that a point or two about telegraphy, its capabilities and possibilities, could be discovered that Mr. Thomas and his keen and able assistant, Mr. Boughan,—in charge of the telegraph department,—are not familiar with, but it is to be doubted. Certainly no institution in existence has greater need of expert and able men in the operation of the various departments; and the staff in charge at the general offices in Chicago is but a criterion of the service at all points.

VII.

Perhaps the most interesting features of almost any successful enterprise of magnitude are the men who by their ability, integrity, and indefatigability have made possible such success.

The Associated Press as it stands today is permeated through and through with the brilliant and forceful character of its general manager, Melville E. Stone. Mr. Stone's accession to the managership, his able and masterly generalship in the building up of this great Association, his rare insight into broad and national questions of the day, his keen discernment of that which should be given to the world and that which should not, his unusual executive powers, have all tended to make him one of the noted and interesting characters of our time. Not yet forty-six years old, Mr. Stone's record has been one that any man at the end of a long life might well feel proud of; but, having come in contact with his strong personality, one

may well believe Mr. Stone's own thoughts upon the matter would show that he regarded his career hardly more than begun.

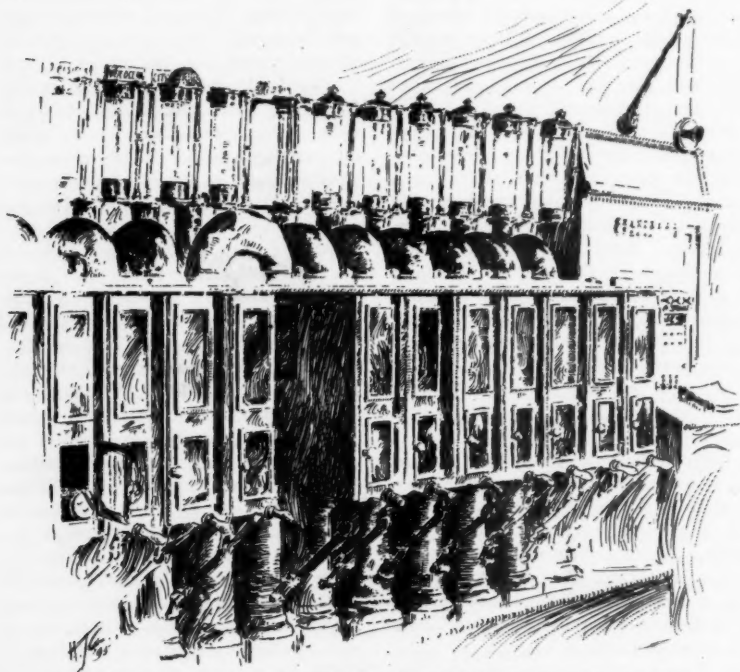
The pretty little town of Hudson, Illinois, near Bloomington, claims Mr. Stone by right of birth, but early boyhood found him in the schools of Chicago, his father, a minister of the gospel, having been called to a church in that city about 1860. The Great Fire of 1871 illustrated the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for, although Melville Stone not only lost his all, along with thousands of others in that terrible conflagration, but found himself badly in debt, yet the world at least was the gainer by securing a leader in the newspaper world instead of an iron-founder—the business Mr. Stone had embarked in upon graduation.

Starting anew, he became reporter on the old *Republican* and then city editor of the *Inter Ocean*, a paper that soon succeeded the *Republican*. His editorial connection with the *Mail* and the *Post*, and his subsequent withdrawal to undertake the important field in Washington as special correspondent for several papers, were but steps toward the control and ownership of the *Daily News* in conjunction with Victor F. Lawson, now President of The Associated Press. The success of this venture enabled Mr. Stone in a few years to withdraw with a large fortune. After traveling abroad for two years, his active brain rebelled at longer cessation from business. Returning to Chicago he organized the Globe National Bank, of which institution he was long vice-president, and is now president.

The Associated Press in the interval had been assailed right and left by its enemies. The independent stand it had taken, its refusal to submit to the uncalled-for and humiliating attitude taken by its eastern associates, its insistence that it should have a voice in the management and direction of what was as vital to its own life and usefulness, its refusal to submit tamely to having the greater part of the taxation burden thrust upon its shoulders without adequate represen-

tation, and its objection to having only such news for its western clientage and members as should be the pleasure of certain members of the East to allot, all combined to make a state of affairs exist that required a genius in ability, and executive power and cool and clear-headed judgment. In the opinion of those in control of the most influential papers in

passed upon by his colleagues, bears an enviable record for all that is most modern and progressive in the realm of newspapers. His business sagacity, foresight and staunch character lend an element of strength to the Association that would be hard to find elsewhere. The close friendship and business relations that have for many years held Mr. Lawson and Mr.



"These sheets are without delay put into Pneumatic Tubes leading to the transferring room below, and thence thrust quickly into a little tube box called a Carrier."

the land, the man who had shown he possessed all of these qualities in a high degree was Melville E. Stone, and he was induced to accept the management. How true and sagacious their judgment was, the splendid record of the Association, with its stable condition to-day, fully attests.

The President of The Associated Press, Victor F. Lawson, whose fitness for the presidency has twice been unanimously

Stone together, make their connection with The Associated Press a peculiarly fitting and appropriate one, and whose combined efforts are thoroughly appreciated as evidenced in the last election of officers for the ensuing year.

Eleven members compose the board of directors, and are now as follows: S. S. Carvalho, New York *World*; Charles W. Knapp, St. Louis *Republic*; M. H. de Young, San Francisco *Chronicle*; Clay-

ton McMichael, Philadelphia *North American*; Frederick Driscoll, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*; Albert J. Barr, Pittsburgh *Post*; F. B. Noyes, Washington *Star*; James E. Scripps, Detroit *News*, Detroit *Tribune*; E. H. Perdue, Cleveland *Leader*; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago *Daily News*, Chicago *Record*; Thos. G. Rapier, New Orleans *Picayune*.

They are all men of influential journals, men who are everywhere recognized as representing the most liberal, broad-minded and progressive element in our national life.

When Mr. Stone took hold of affairs it did not take him long to recognize the important part the Pacific Coast must play in any national organization of this kind; nor did he overlook the fact that it would take a man of not only rare executive ability but of the utmost discernment and tact to reconcile disturbing factors already at work in the news field there, so as to bring them in working harmony with its eastern adherents, and a man as well who was familiar with the utmost detail in practical newspaper work.

Perhaps it was one of the pleasant

surprises in store for Mr. Stone that he found just such a man in charge of the Coast service, and who now, under the present changing conditions of



Pen Drawing of Mr. Addison C. Thomas, Manager of the Central Division — Showing also the Opening of a Transverse Section of the Pneumatic Tubes used by The Associated Press.

the Association, could better than anyone else bring it to its desired state of perfection, and whose pioneer work had already made it a possibility. Certainly it attests Mr. Stone's judgment of character and fitness that he continued Col. Charles S. Diehl there in charge until his ability and energy were needed elsewhere.

The loyal and enthusiastic support that is now a conspicuous feature of the Pacific Slope members and clients attests not only to good management, but the sensible and desirable features of the Association itself. The Associated Press is doubtless to-day the best perfected example of mutual coöperation in existence, and the newspapers of the far Western States, as well as others, once understanding this, have become its strongest adherents.

Colonel Diehl having shown so conspicuously his capacity for large as well as small affairs, soon found himself a needed factor in the Eastern world, and is now sharing with Mr. Stone the responsibilities and honor of directing affairs as Assistant General Manager. The Eastern Division, with headquarters at New York, is directly under Colonel Diehl's supervision, and the growth of the Association's membership there is proof that his capacity has not been found wanting. Personally Colonel Diehl is a delightful man, his frank open face and genial though always dignified manner inspiring trust and respect at first glance.

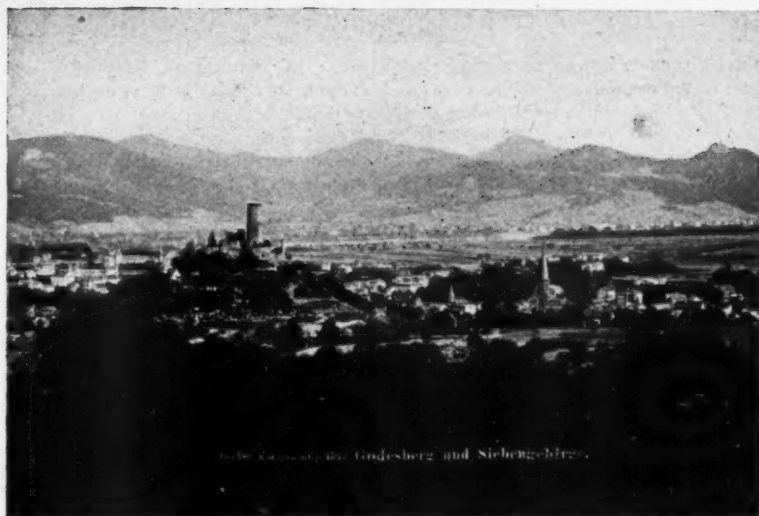
Not unlike Colonel Diehl in some respects, Walter Neef, General European Agent, with headquarters at London, England, has also been an exemplification of the sound judgment shown in ap-

pointments by Mr. Stone. Like Colonel Diehl, with a comparatively small number of years to his credit, time does not seem to have been wasted. The important negotiations that have so successfully cemented all the large European agencies together, so far as their coöperation and exchange of news with The Associated Press is concerned, has been largely due to the efforts of Mr. Neef.

The post of any agent of The Associated Press may, by force of circumstances, become at any moment a field of the utmost consequence, and one to be filled by capable, loyal, enthusiastic and tireless newspaper men. The agent in almost or quite every case has been an editor and proprietor and is thoroughly experienced in all departments of newspaper work. He must be broad-minded and able to do not only a reporter's duty, but sift the chaff from the wheat in the reports that come in from the legion of correspondents. With such men is the discipline and usefulness of the world's greatest news organization kept intact.

Unscrupulous individuals and combinations have intrigued and sought to undermine the very foundations of the organization, that their own pecuniary gain might be the more secure. But the reconstruction has been under the generalship of a man of courageous spirit and marked ability,—a man whose genial and attractive personality shines out as happily amid almost unsurmountable difficulties as do the traits that originally pointed to him as the needed leader. And to-day, both at home and abroad, the reading and thinking world is infinitely the gainer by such an organization as The Associated Press.





GODESBERG.
Its Castle Tower in the foreground — The Seven Mountains in the background.

THE RHINE JOURNEY.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XVIII.

THE affection of the Germans for the River Rhine surpasses any other localized sentiment I have ever found. We Americans are proud of our Hudson and contend that in natural beauties it surpasses the Rhinè. We speak with pride of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Columbia. But these rivers are so completely and unquestionably ours that we are not so aroused at the mention of their names. Quite different in degree are the emotions stirred in the German soul when the River Rhine is named. Said a German gentleman to me on the journey up that historic river, "You cannot fully understand how we feel whenever the Rhine is mentioned in connection with possible political complications. I was opposed to the Military Bill; but if I had believed there was danger of a renewal of the old attempt of the French to make the Rhine the boundary line between France and Germany, the bill would have had no warmer supporter

than myself. Whenever the French attempt to carry out their ancient purpose, then you will find us all one, as our fathers were when Blücher and Gneisenau drove the Corsican back, and as we ourselves were when Von Moltke cut short the ambitious dream of Louis Napoleon."

To this people, the desire of the French for an extension of their boundaries beyond the Vosges Mountains to the Rhine is but a repetition of the old Bible story of Ahab's desire for Naboth's vineyard, except that the modern Ahab would take the coveted property by conquest, not obtain it by purchase. The emphatic response of the German Naboth is:

"The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

But let us be fair with the Frenchman. He makes quite a case of ancient right. Both Cæsar and Tacitus tell us that the Rhine separated Gaul from Germany before the Christian era. Richelieu

shrewdly made out an apparently clear title vested in the King of France as successor to the empire of Charlemagne, created eight centuries before. Under Louis Philippe the authorized school book of geography designated Rhenish Prussia as part of the region which properly belonged to France. It declared

that "the natural boundaries of our country are the Rhine from its source to its mouth."

Napoleon I. found his fate when he met the brave defenders of the Rhine. Napoleon III. was defeated not so much by the superiority of Germany's needle-gun as by the new unity of a people before divided, and their band of union was the Rhine, "a German river and not a boundary line."

The German army which won the battle of Sedan was an army of singers. They sang themselves to sleep in camp. They sang themselves into the victory-compelling mood before going into battle. Their most stirring battle songs were, "*Sie Sollen ihn Nicht*

Haben," "*Am Rhein, am Rhein*" and "*Die Wacht am Rhein*." The first named thus vigorously closes:

"No, no! the sons of Hermann
Will hold their own dear Rhine,
Until the last true German
Lies buried 'neath the Rhine!"

It would be hard for any invading army, however well led, to make headway against an army of home-defenders who, with every draught of their Rhine wine, swear anew the old oath of allegiance with which "Am Rhein" concludes:

"—The Gaul shall claim thee never,
Our own, our German Rhine!"

With "The Watch on the Rhine" Americans are more familiar. Its stirring music set to such soul-stirring words as—

"Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine;
True Germans all, we guard the Rhine!"
is enough to make a hero out of a very commonplace sort of a man.

We take an early evening train from Cologne to Bonn. Thence we proceed



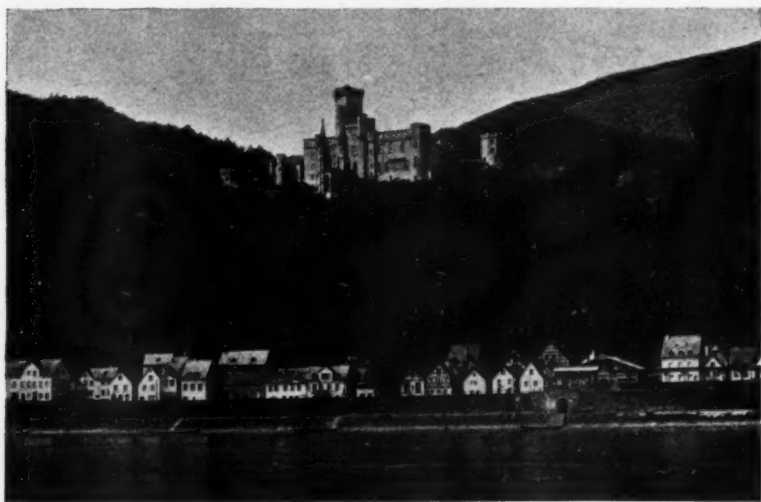
WHERE BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

The House and Room in Bonn in which the great Composer first saw the light.



FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.
Bridge of Boats connecting Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein.

by motor to Godesberg, a few miles farther up the river. A climb to the hill above the town gives us a charming moonlight view from a ruined castle on the height,—including villas and flower gardens, the narrowing valley of the Rhine, the Seven Mountains across and farther up the river towering far



THE CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS AND THE VILLAGE OF CAPELEN.

above the plain, twinkling lights from homes everywhere about us and the halo above the distant city of Cologne. The sound of many voices lifted in song comes to us from a garden party just below, and farther distant an orchestra is holding a rehearsal, its exquisite music completing the harmony of sound and color which makes the time and place memorable to us.

We waken early the next morning. There is a confusion of tongues in the

small windows. Standing on tiptoe in the third-story room, where the greatest of musical composers was born, my head easily touches the ceiling. The house contains the poet's violins, and his grand piano, with each string quadrupled to overcome the player's deafness; the trumpets he used in conversation; the desk upon which his immortal symphonies were composed, with its four sides for the four parts of musical composition; the life mask and the death



BEND IN THE RIVER NEAR BOPFARD.
Der Vierseenplatz in the Center—Boppard on the Right.

market-place in front of the hotel. Looking out our hotel window, we see the platz literally swarming with men and women, chiefly women. The pavement is strewn with baskets of vegetables, fruits and flowers, and buyers and sellers are posing in picturesque groups for our benefit.

After breakfast, we walk to the home of the great, the only, Beethoven. Answering our loud ring at the gate, the occupant of the house shows us through the place, now a Beethoven museum. It is a pleasant old house with low roof and

mask and the various original portraits of the master; specimens of his correspondence and musical composition, and a hundred other objects of interest.

At 11:40 A. M. we are seated on the deck of the "Wilhelm" and are moving rapidly up the Rhine. We who have all our lives read and heard and dreamt of the Rhine find it hard to realize that this is indeed the famous river. It is easier at first, however, for on the right is the ruined tower of Godesberg; and high above our heads upon the rugged peak of the last of the Seven Mountains is outlined

in blue the ruined Twelfth Century castle of Drachenfels, a relic of the destructive Thirty Years' War; and there, half-way up the height is the cavern among the vineyards where the Siegfried of fable slew the dragon and became invincible by drinking his blood.

Then passes before us the Island of Nonnenwerth with its very old nunnery modernized. Rolandseck next comes in

death, adds romantic interest to the mournful ruin.

Looking back on Drachenfels and the mountains beyond, on the east, and upon Rolandseck with its background of hill and sky, and the Island of Nonnenwerth, with the river losing itself in the lapping of the mountains below, we then begin to realize how beautiful and picturesque it all is.

But we soon enter a region of quarries and mines and the scenery for several miles is disappointingly tame. We dine in the cabin, satisfied from glimpses through the windows that we are missing little.

The river course veers to the left, and old Andernach directly confronts us. Our interest revives. This beautiful old town, with its queer houses under the hill and its famous tower, and its legend of a helpful Christ who nightly performs hard tasks to relieve the poor, is of itself an interesting relic of mediæval life.

Neuweid, with its palace and its schools and its Moravian Brothers, after whom our band of Amana colonists are said to have measurably patterned, attracts our attention on the east side.

Several islands now beautify the river. On the Island of Niederwerth is a gloomy convent church built in 1500.

We now pass the base of Ehrenbreitstein's bristling fortress on the left. [On our right we see the Moselle River and its beautifully arched bridge.

At the junction of the two rivers stands Coblenz, the capital of Rhenish Prussia. Few cities of Germany have passed through as much history as Coblenz, and few show as little the effects of war and time. Five years ago, her citizens removed the old walls which had been besieged by the Swedes and the French, respectively. Remains of an old Roman bridge tell of the town's importance way back before German history began. It



CASTLE RHEINSTEIN.

sight, upon the west bank. Five hundred feet up the height above the town is a ruined arch, all that remains of the Ninth Century castle of the brave Roland, whose death by treachery in Charlemagne's War in Spain is the subject of the famous 'old Tenth Century poem, "Rolandslied." The sad story of Roland's long vigil over the convent of Nonnenwerth, where his sweetheart was long buried in life and found burial in



THE RUINED CASTLE AND FORTRESS OF RHEINFELS.



THE LORELEI.

*Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.—HEINE.*



"WALLED BACHARACH."

is a busy, bustling town, full of soldiers and yet not given up to militarism. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, across the river, is a magnificent rock structure of

the era now passing away—that of the small guns which did the artillery work of the first half of the century. The earth works of Cologne and Antwerp are



"PICTURESQUE BINGEN."

The National Monument in the distance on the left.

not as picturesque, but they are a much better protection.

Our steamer makes its first landing at Coblenz. We are soon on our way again. We pass through the bridge of boats, under the high railroad bridge and on past the Island of Oberwerth on the right, the mouth of the Lahn River on the left, and are soon in the midst of a region of enchanting beauty.

The little village of Capellen, with its one row of houses facing us, lies at the foot of a high hill, upon which stands a pretty chateau owned by the present Kaiser. Upon the rock above stands the Gothic castle of Stolzenfels, with its high tower. It was destroyed by the French, but has been restored with considerable regard to beauty and fitness.

Farther up the river on the left looms the castle of Lahneck, over seven hundred years old. This, too, was destroyed by the French, but has been restored.

In fact, underneath nearly all the pictures of ruined castles in Rhenish Prussia might truthfully be written the words, "Destroyed by the French."

Passing slightly Marksburg on the left, we note that this is the only old castle on the Rhine which has escaped war's devastation.

The river now makes a long turn to the right, and then a shorter turn to the left. The scenery at these turns, as all along the way, is beautiful with terraced vineyards, wooded hills and castellated rocks.

Boppard is in sight on the left bank — no, it proves to be on the right. The bends in the river are confusing. The general effect is that of a series of lakes. This historic town charmingly combines the new with the old. Beautiful villas and quaint old checkered houses, an old nunnery, a well preserved castle and general beauty of situation, commend Boppard to the tourist.

Knights Templars will be interested to recall the historical fact that here at Boppard, as at St. Goar and Bacharach, farther up the river, the Knights Templars of the Crusades located lodges, fragments of which, with round-arched windows,

are yet to be seen. The Boppard knights were at the Crusader's siege of Ptolemais in 1191.

Just beyond, on the other side, rise the twin castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, connected by a rocky path. There is in this connection a long and pretty legend of two brothers and only one Hildegarde, of generosity on the one side and selfishness on the other, of heart-break and a nunnery.

Up from Welmich is the "Maus" castle of the Fourteenth Century, derisively so called because a larger one up the river was called "The Cat."

We are now in sight of St. Goar on the right, and St. Goarshausen on the left.

A thunderstorm is gathering. The air is full of electricity and we feel the rumble of the thunder. Anchors are thrown out and we await the passing of the storm. Looking up at the castle of Rheinfels, which stands upon the height back of St. Goar, we find ourselves in the presence of the grandest ruin on the Rhine. Its lofty walls and towers, broken arches and columns, and ivy-covered approaches look down at us with a solemnity which the now fast-falling rain augments. From 1245 to 1843 these walls withstood assaults and sieges, burnings and explosions, plague, pestilence and famine. As the lightning flashes above the castle and the thunder reverberates through its deserted halls, it is not hard to realize the storm and stress through which Rheinfels has passed. Soon the setting sun comes out and bathes its walls with a flood of yellow light, crowning its ruined tower with an aureole of glory. It is a grand moment. We are thankful for the timely thunderstorm that has given us this half-hour's delay and a lasting impression of St. Goar and its noble ruin.

We sail on past "The Cat," above referred to, at the foot of which castle flows the River Kaats, one of scores of cascaded streams tributary to the Rhine.

Another bend in the river, another island long and narrow, and the famous "Lorelei" (or Lurlei) of Heine's verse and of Wagner's "Nibelungenlied,"

stands out before us, compelling attention. It is a rocky promontory projecting far into the river and rising 430 feet above the water (so says the guide-book), the forehead of the profile decidedly retreating. It is scarcely more striking in appearance than the promontory a little farther up the river on the opposite side, but it has the legend and the other has not. The familiar Lorelei legend may be condensed into a single sentence. A nymph possessed of rare charms dwelt upon the cliff, without any visible means of support, and her only occupation was the luring of fishermen and sailors into the deadly rapids below. With all the German love of legends, the practical executive arm of the Empire not many years ago drilled a hole through this promontory, and trains of cars now shoot through the tunnel, without even so much as a "pardong" to the siren!

On our right, above Oberwesel, rises the magnificent chateau of Schönberg, recently built upon a Twelfth Century castle foundation. These modern homes seem obtrusive in the midst of so many reminders of mediæval life. They suggest that pretentious newness so offensive to those who love to linger in the past, and to whom honorable descent is more than honorable ascent. The irrepressible conflict between the chateau life of the newly rich and the traditions of ancient greatness which hover about these ruined castles is nowhere so vividly pictured as in Auerbach's "Villa on the Rhine."

The village of Kaub next presents itself on our left, in a region somewhat defaced by the prosaic quarryman. But above the quarries rises, in solemn protest against the desecration, the castle of Gutenfels with its lofty pinnaced tower.

Near Kaub, on a rock in the river, stands the Pfalz, or Pfalzgrafenstein, a hexagonal fortress with a pentagonal tower. Its one small entrance is reached by a

drawbridge. As we sail past it we turn our glass on the lion of the Palatinate over the entrance, that we may the better see the once famous escutcheon of the ancient lords of the castle. New Year's day, 1814, was a red-letter day for this locality. Here it was the brave Blücher forced the passage of the Rhine over the stubborn resistance of the French. A small monument on the west bank commemorates the event.

Walled Bacharach presents itself on the right, with the castle of Stahleck and, at its foot, the picturesque ruin of St. Werner's church. On beyond looms the noble ruin of Fürstenberg, with more of history than could be related in this entire magazine. The strength of these castles and the audacity of their occupants in mediæval times is well illustrated by a single incident in Fürsten-



THE NATIONALDENKMAL, OR NATIONAL MONUMENT, OPPOSITE BINGEN.

berg's history. Six hundred years ago, Adolph of Nassau proudly rode down the river to his coronation at Aix la Chapelle. All went well until he neared Bacharach. The garrison of Fürstenberg took to the river and forcibly detained the king until he paid the toll demanded.

Quaint old Lorch on the opposite side next wheels into line for our inspection, with its one street along the river bank. Its old ivy-covered Gothic church attracts our attention. In the heart of the village may be seen the dignified Renaissance structure in which once dwelt one Lorch, who distinguished himself against the Turks and the French in the first half of the Sixteenth Century.

The river narrows and its banks grow more precipitous. We soon behold Rheinstein, that most beautiful of all the castles in all this region of castles, this very home of mediæval romance. It

stands on the west side, 260 feet above the Rhine. With a history dating back at least six hundred years, its present condition dates back to 1829, when Prince Frederick of Prussia caused the castle to be restored after mediæval designs, with the pinnaced towers of that period. The body of the prince was interred in the ivy-covered chapel south of the castle.

The river again broadens, making a far-extending curve to the east. Soon we see picturesque Bingen, the town facing the north, extending southward from the river front and climbing far up the hill. Across the river to the north is the Niederwald. On the edge of the forest stands the *Nationaldenkmal*, or National Monument, which spot was recently the scene of a memorable reunion of the veterans of the Franco-Prussian War. Farther up the river on the north is the town of Rudesheim, famous for its high-grade wines. Opening before us is the Rheingau, a low stretch of rich valley land, in general appearance quite as much in contrast with the romantic region through which we have just passed as is the tamely beautiful upper Hudson unlike the enchanted region about West Point, or as the Mississippi River from Keokuk to St. Louis is unlike the rock-bound Mississippi from Lake Pepin to Dubuque.

We land at Bingen, and, after establishing ourselves at the Victoria, we go out for an early evening walk. Bingen is a delightful old town. Looking down upon it is Castle Klopp. This structure was also "destroyed by the French." The deed was done in 1689; but the restorer has done his work well and there are few evidences of ruin or of newness.

Darkness comes on as we ramble up and down the narrow streets of the town, and in the gathering gloom we catch many a pleasing glimpse of the simple home life of the inhabitants. Children are chasing one another over the rough



BURG KLOPP, OVERLOOKING BINGEN AND THE RHINE.

pavement, the clatter of their sabots echoing along up and down the narrow streets. Grandmothers, crowned with the regulation white cap, and mothers with children in arms sit in the doorway chatting of the events of the day, all the while with mild solicitude half watching the girls and boys at their rough play. The men sit in groups upon benches in front of the houses, smoking the pipe of peace and calmly thinking aloud between puffs. Try as hard as we may to shut out the romantic influence of that poem which so powerfully appealed to the imagination in our childhood, every mother we see, every pair of lovers, every maiden all forlorn, brings back the old time-worn story of love and war, which has done more to interest English-reading people in Bingen-on-the-Rhine than all the histories have done, from the Roman occupation down to the present time.

That was a blustering night we passed in Bingen—not cold but blustering. The wind whistled and howled like demons through the cordage of the sailing vessels and steamers at the landing just below. Long into the night we sat looking out over the Rhine, along the vine-covered heights beyond, and up at the great banks of clouds which every now and then eclipsed the moon, only to make the brightness of that orb more bright when the clouds had rolled away. Great flitting shadows darkened the surface of the river far to the left, and as the northwest wind rose and fell, the creaking of the boats and the whistling of the wind through the rigging made note of its changes. To our tired and confused minds it seemed as if all the fabled demons of the Rhine had followed us up the river and were loth to let us go.

JOHN BROWN AND HIS CAUSE.

By J. L. COPPOC.

With Portraits from Old Pictures in the Possession of the Coppoc Family.

I.

"Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest Hell?
Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
Shall pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall honor bleed? Shall truth succumb?
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?
No! By each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall;
By Plymouth Rock, by Bunker's mound,
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer—No!"

JOHN BROWN and his followers accepted this sentiment, but they were not willing to stop here; they would translate the indignant "No" into vigorous action. As the Herods were called great, while the Savior was nailed to the tree, so now, the man whose "treasures of gold are dim with the blood of the hearts he has sold" is honored and courted, while he who "considers the oppressed as bound in the chains with them" is sent to the gibbet. As in the former case "the Scribes stood and vehemently accused him," so John Brown was accused of "many things" of which he was not guilty. Chief among these was that it was his intention to subvert



REV. J. L. COPPOC, OF CHAMBERS, NEB.

the government of the United States and substitute for the Constitution thereof one which he himself had formulated.

That there was a provisional constitution found in John Brown's valise on the Kennedy farm, and introduced as evidence at his trial, is true; but it was not a provisional Constitution of the United States, as many seemed to believe. It was that of the League of Freedom, an institution organized at Chatham, Canada, for the purpose of furthering the cause of the abolition of slavery. Blake, in his "History of Slavery," says in regard to this:

Among the documents found was what purported to be a regular plan of organization for a provisional government. Subsequent developments showed that this plan was matured at Chatham, Canada, some time before the outbreak. . . . The purpose seemed to be to take such steps as the case required to liberate the slaves.

This does not make the matter clear as to the design of the document. It would

leave the impression that it was intended as a substitute for the Constitution of the United States, which was entirely untrue.

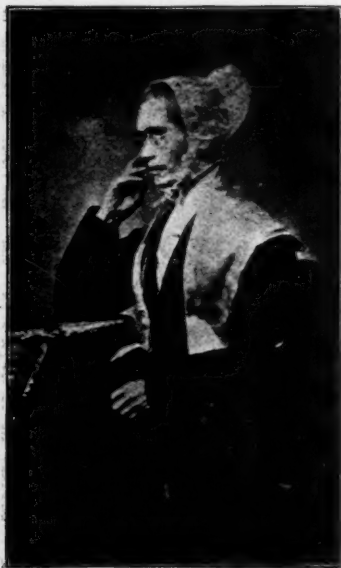
Von Holst, an able German historical writer, says, "It was entirely rational to form and create a strong organization" and "sensible to appoint a Supreme Commander," though absurd to suppose "that a little band. . . without influence, should secretly put their heads together, . . . to give a constitution to the United States." "This latter," says Mr. Hinton, "being, with all due deference to Von Holst, exactly what they did not intend or mean to attempt doing."

A motion was made at the Chatham convention to strike out the forty-sixth article of the provisional constitution, which was discussed at length and was finally lost, receiving only the vote of the mover. John Brown, Kagi and others made speeches strongly favoring its retention. It reads:

The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State government, or of the general government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal, and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution.

The hero of Harper's Ferry did not come to destroy the time-honored institutions of our nation, but to save. There was a state of things existing in the slaveholding states which was not understood and could not be appreciated in the North. G. B. Gill, secretary of the treasury under the provisional constitution, in a paper furnished Col. R. J. Hinton for use in his excellent book on "John Brown and His Men,"—to which work I am greatly indebted,—wrote:

"My object in wishing to see Mr. Reynolds, who was a colored man (very little colored, however), was in regard to a military organization which I had understood was in existence among the colored people. He assured me that such was the fact and that its ramifications extended through most or nearly all of the slave states. He himself, I think, had



MRS. COPPOC,
Mother of Edwin, Barclay and J. L. Coppoc.

been through many of the Slave States inciting and organizing. He referred me to many references in the Southern papers telling of this and that favorite slave being killed or found dead. These, he asserted, must be taken care of, being the most dangerous element they had to contend with."

Two days before the outbreak, Watson Brown wrote to his wife, "There was another murder committed near our place the other day, making in all five murders and one suicide within five miles ... since we have lived here. They were all slaves, too."

"We knew that the slaves of that region," says Mrs. Doctor North, of Springville, Iowa, who lived, at the time of the raid, twelve miles from the Ferry, "were being armed, but it was not through John Brown that they secured their arms."

And so the Slave Power had been sowing to the wind and was now about to reap the whirlwind of wrath. The storm-cloud was gathering and was ready to burst in all its fury, and one of the objects of the provisional government was to organize, control, restrain, and utilize its forces. The preamble to this instrument reads thus :

WHEREAS, Slavery, throughout its entire existence in the United States, is none other than a most barbarous, unprovoked and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens upon another portion, the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment and hopeless servitude or absolute extermination in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in the Declaration of Independence ; and therefore,—

We, citizens of the United States, and the oppressed people who by a recent decision of the Supreme Court are declared to have no rights which the white man is bound to respect ; together with all other people degraded by the laws thereof, do for the time being ordain and establish ourselves the following constitution and ordinances the better to protect our persons, property, lives and liberties, and to govern our actions.



CAPTAIN AVID OF HARPER'S FERRY,
John Brown's Captor and Jailor.

Article 1 reads as follows :

All persons of mature age, whether proscribed, oppressed and enslaved citizens or of the proscribed and oppressed races of the United States, who shall agree to sustain and enforce the provisional constitution and ordinance of *this organization*, together with all minor children of such persons, shall be held to be fully entitled to protection under the same.

Articles 32, 35, 40, 41 and 42 are plainly intended to promote morality and restrain the evil passions engendered by the long years of oppression to which this people had been subjected. They provide that prisoners must be treated "with every degree of kindness and respect the nature of the circumstances will permit of"; they prevent the needless destruction of property and immoral behavior of any kind ; punish the violation of any female prisoner with death, and enjoin the keeping of the Sabbath. Provisions are also made for the establishment of schools and



THE LATE JOHN BROWN, JR.

churches and the reunion of separated families.

The more one studies this instrument in connection with the circumstances and conditions then existing, the more profound is his respect for the man from whose mind it emanated.

II.

If John Brown's aim was not to subvert the government, then *what was it?*

When my eldest brother, Edwin Coppoc, was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said :

"The charges that have been made against me are not true. I never committed any treason against the State of Virginia. I never made war upon it. I never conspired with anybody to induce your slaves to rebel, and I never

even exchanged a word with any of your servants. What I came here for I have always told you. It was *to run off slaves into a free state.*"

In a letter written by Edwin Coppoc to his friends in Springdale, under date of November 22, '59, he wrote: "Cook and Tidd had left the Ferry early in the morning, by the order of the Captain, to cross the river for the purpose of taking some prisoners and to convey the arms to a school-house about a mile and a half from the Ferry, there to guard them until the Captain came."

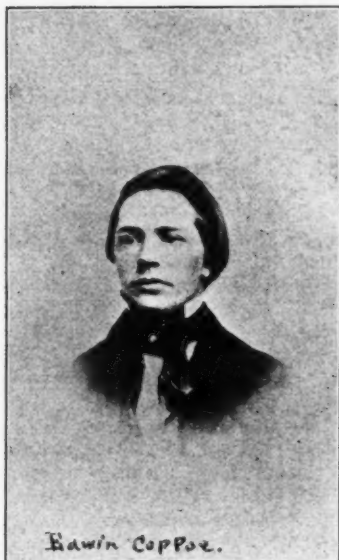
This shows that the object in capturing the arsenal was to secure the arms, and it was then the intention to fall back across the river and into the mountains.

One of John Brown's daughters, Mrs. Adams, says: "It was father's



OWEN BROWN,

Now the Sole Survivor of the Raid on Harper's Ferry.



original plan, as we used to call it, to take Harper's Ferry at the outset, to secure firearms to arm the slaves, and to strike terror into the hearts of the slave-holders; then to immediately start for the plantations, gather up the negroes and retreat to the mountains, send out armed squads from there to gather more and eventually to spread out his forces until the slaves would come to them or the slaveholders would surrender them to gain peace. He expected....that if they had intelligent white leaders that they would be prevailed on to rise and secure their freedom without revenging their wrongs and with very little bloodshed."

After Brown was captured, while lying upon the hard floor of the Harper's Ferry engine-house and "his enemies compassed him about like bees," Senator Mason asked him: "What was your object in coming?"

The answer was, "We came to free the slaves — and only that."

Again, in answer to a question, he said: "I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people oppressed by the slave system just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone.... *The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason and the only thing that prompted me to come here.*"

In his speech, when asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced upon him, he said: "In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clear thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country and finally left them in Canada. I



BARCLAY COPPOC.

designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended."

The "Subterranean Passway" was but the enlargement of the "Underground Railroad."

It was true that Brown aimed finally at the total extinction of slavery, and the Harper's Ferry affair was only a part of the general plan. He believed that the end desired could be reached by making the institution unprofitable and dangerous. It is a well-known fact that, previous to the invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney, leading Virginians, among whom was Senator Mason, were devising plans for the gradual abolition of slavery because of the unprofitableness thereof; but from that time the "peculiar institution" took a new lease of life.

John Brown believed that by making incursions into the Slave States at different points, and establishing "underground railroads" on a large scale on the borders of and extending into the slave territory, and effecting a thorough organization of the discontented elements among the slaves to assist in running the trains on these roads, that it would render slave property valueless and the holding of slaves hazardous, and thus secure freedom for the oppressed.

Mr. Alcot, one of Brown's confidential friends, wrote, "I infer it is his intention to run off as many slaves as he can and so render that property insecure to the master."

A trusty and observant man had been sent down into the Indian Territory and Texas with instructions, if it appeared necessary, to carry his researches as far as Louisiana, with a view of establishing routes and stations on the western frontier. The Appalachian range of mountains was to be utilized, and much information had been obtained by members of the little army of liberators by explorations, and from other sources, chiefly through Harriet Tubman, a fugitive slave who, after securing her own liberty, was successful in liberating several thousand of her race in the course of some twenty

years, using the fastnesses of the mountains as hiding places.

III.

That no mistake was made as to the result of this kind of warfare was proven in Missouri, Kansas and Virginia. John Brown's raid into Missouri from Southern Kansas started an exodus from that region so formidable that slaves sold for from one-half to two-thirds their former price. Not long after this the Fighting Preacher, Captain Stewart, under whom the writer was initiated into the mysteries of border warfare, did in Northern Kansas what Brown had done in Southern Kansas, and every slave was cleared out of the territory.

In the East the very thought of what might occur, coupled with what had been, "frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through." Excited imaginations transformed an innocent cow into a piece of artillery, and a burning stack into an invading army. Business was suspended and the militia was ordered out or directed to be in a state of readiness. The Southern papers published fearful accounts of the condition of their chattels, thus casting added fuel to the already too fiercely burning fire of anxious fear.

"The inhabitants," says a report published in one of these papers, "are not by any means easy in their minds as to the temper of the slaves and free negroes among them. Colonel Washington, who was one of old Brown's hostages, does not spend his nights at home; and we are assured that many other wealthy slave-owners whose residences lie at a distance from those of their neighbors also regard it prudent to lodge elsewhere for the present.... On Sunday evening before the attack, a gentleman on the way to the Ferry was stopped in a lonely place three or four miles distant, by a white man carrying a rifle and two negroes armed with axes, who told him there was something going on at the Ferry and he must turn back. He did so and they remained standing until he was out of sight."

Under these conditions it is not surprising that slave property depreciated in value to an alarming extent. "The loss from this source has been estimated at \$10,000,000 in Virginia alone. For a considerable period thereafter some of John Brown's friends kept a record, as far as newspaper information permitted, of the enforced movement southward of slaves from the border states. It was very rapid, and extended from Virginia to Missouri."

Had Brown's plan not miscarried at Harper's Ferry, and had the mountains of Virginia and Maryland been peopled with little bands of liberators, the indications are that slavery must soon have been a thing of the past.

IV.

"But," says a critic, "why did this man assume to take property which did not belong to him and appropriate it to his own use?"

So far as the property of the slaveholder was concerned, he believed that a man justly owns what his labor creates, and that the slaveholder was a robber in that he had unjustly deprived the slave of this right.

Edwin Coppoc won Governor Wise's respect by calling his attention to the strength of this position. The incident, so far as I know, has never before appeared in print. While on the train conveying the prisoners from Harper's Ferry to Charleston, Governor Wise approached my brother and, after eyeing him a moment, said to him, "You look like too honest a man to be found with a band of robbers."

"But, Governor," he replied, "we look upon you as the robbers."

The candor and fearlessness and, too, the suggestiveness, of this reply won the Governor's favor, and thenceforth he exerted all his influence for the mitigation of his penalty.

This position accepted, the course of the old hero was simply the restoration of property to its rightful owners.

"But," continues the critic, "suppose we admit the correctness of this reasoning, that does not palliate the crime of

forcibly taking property belonging to the government."

Mr. Brown believed that "slavery throughout its entire existence in the United States is no other than a most barbarous, unprovoked and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens upon another portion . . . in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence." He maintained that the administration had taken sides in this unequal war against justice, against the Declaration of Independence, against the Constitution (a fundamental principle of this document being that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law). He also maintained that the government was using this property to uphold the robbers.

It is interesting to note that the same people, who held up their hands in holy horror at this act of "robbery," did not hesitate within two years from that time to capture and hold—so long as they had the power—many millions of dollars' worth of property belonging to the government, and thought, or appeared to think, they were only defending their rights.

V.

Why was John Brown defeated? Let me answer that question by asking another. Can it be said with truth that the man who accomplishes his purpose is defeated?

"I came here," said Brown, "to free the slaves"; and again, "If it is necessary that my life should be sacrificed to this cause, I am content."

In a letter to Reverend Mr. North, a minister who visited Edwin Coppoc in jail, Mother wrote as follows relative to her own sons: "Every son of America whom you send to the North with the prints of the accursed halter upon his neck and whose funeral is attended by assembled thousands has a tendency to kindle the fires of indignant hatred against the common cause [slavery] which is at the bottom of all this."

Our mother's meaning can be better comprehended by the light of the following quotation, from a letter in regard to the funeral at New Garden, Ohio, showing the spirit of the time :

"Words are inadequate to convey an idea of the deep feeling and the tender sympathy felt for this victim of Virginia cruelty. . . . Yes, Virginia, a sister republic, has done that deed and Ohio stands aghast. . . . A large family assembled to weep over a murdered brother whose actions were worthy a better recompense than a Southern gibbet and a halter, the traces of which he bore upon his manly person deep-furrowed in the flesh."

Here is an extract from the Salem, Ohio, *Republican*, of January 7, 1860, concerning Edwin Coppoc's burial :

On Friday of last week, according to previous arrangement, the body of Edwin Coppoc, which had been removed from its first resting place, was reinterred in the cemetery in Salem. The wooden coffin, furnished by Virginia, was replaced by a metallic burial case, from which the youthful martyr preached such an anti-slavery sermon as has rarely before been preached; for, though the body was dead, yet by it, and through it, the spirit which had dwelt there spoke "high words of truth for freedom and for God." The noble lesson of self-sacrifice there taught, of heroic devotion to the principles of liberty, of a faith strong in death and triumphant over death, went down into the hearts of many whose sympathies had never before been thus moved. . . . At 12 o'clock the body was taken to the town hall so that all who wished to look upon it might have the opportunity. Every seat was speedily filled and for more than three hours a continuous stream of citizens and strangers passed into the hall pausing a moment to look on the body.

In the South every effort was made to "fire the Southern heart," and the agitators succeeded — succeeded in plunging the country into that fearful struggle by which negro slavery was forever abolished.

Robert E. Lee was victor at Harper's Ferry in order that the institution which he represented might be ground to powder at Appomattox.

V I.

The defeat which ended in victory was caused chiefly by making the attack on the 16th instead of the 24th of October as was the original plan, thus disarranging the plans of many who would have been on hand to render assistance on that date. This precipitate action was made necessary by the fact that one who was familiar with Brown's plans had exposed them. When I say this I have no reference to Forbes, who had not been heard of in opposition to Brown for nearly a year. Nor do I have reference to the letter written to the Secretary of War in regard to the matter,—a letter written not by Mr. Babb as Colonel Hinton supposes,* but by a man from Springdale, Iowa, who sent it to Cincinnati to be mailed.

It is with great reluctance that I answer the question as to who the betrayer was. So far as I know, all the histories of these events have for some reason veiled his name in silence, and I would do the same but for one reason. "It is a thing well understood," as Redpath says, "the chief reason for the precipitate movement was that there was a Judas in the camp."

Perhaps the fact that this man did service for the Union in the late war and so expiated his offense has led the later historians to veil his betrayal in oblivion; but, to clear the noble men who fought at Harper's Ferry from any suspicion, it becomes necessary in this connection to mention the name of *Richard Realf*. Soon after the Chatham convention, Realf was sent to England, where his mother resided, to solicit aid for the "Subterranean Passway." He also visited France during his absence from this country and doubtless secured more or less money.

My brother, Barclay Coppoc, after his return from Canada and Harper's Ferry, told me that Richard Realf on his return from England and France had gone to New Orleans, joined the Catholic Church and made a confession in which he implicated John Brown, expos-

*See Colonel Hinton's valuable work, "John Brown and His Men," page 255.

ing his designs, and that this was the cause of the premature movement. This explains the whereabouts of this man who was supposed by some to be dead. Redpath, in his "Life of Captain John Brown" (p. 168), states that he (Realf) "died on his passage from England." In the same work (p. 243): "One of the men who fought at Harper's Ferry gave me as the chief reason for the precipitate movement that they suspected that there was a Judas in their company." This statement could not have referred to Colonel Forbes, as he was not "in their company" and had not been for over two years,—and then only for about two months,—and it could not have applied to any one else as no one of the other members of the company has ever been suspected. The whereabouts of Gill, Moffett, Lenhart, and all the others was known and the reasons for their not being on hand were well understood, and this statement of Barclay Coppoc removes suspicion from the innocent and places the guilt where it belongs. Some have supposed that Colonel Hugh Forbes was the Judas, but R. J. Hinton sets that matter at rest. On page 151 Colonel Hinton says: "There is not a particle of evidence to prove that Colonel Forbes went over to the enemy. . . . He did not send the warning letter to Mr. Floyd, Buchanan's Secretary of War." Mr. Forbes did cause delay after the Chat-ham convention by his letters to Senator Wilson and others, as Brown intended to strike the blow during the summer following that event. But soon after these letters were written "he dropped wholly from our vision until October, 1859, and later [the date of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry and the treachery of the "Judas"] when he was reported in command of a fortress under Garibaldi."

Barclay Coppoc's statement is sustained by the following quotation from the Austin (Texas) *Intelligencer*, as quoted by the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, of January 7, 1860:

Seeing the foregoing article [concerning a lecture delivered by Mr. Realf to a Bible Society] on Saturday last, we sent

for Mr. Realf and called his attention to it. He at once frankly avowed his identity and remarked that he had mentioned frequently that he had been connected with the affairs of Brown in Kansas. . . . He says that as soon as he learned Brown's purposes he renounced all notions of participation. . . .

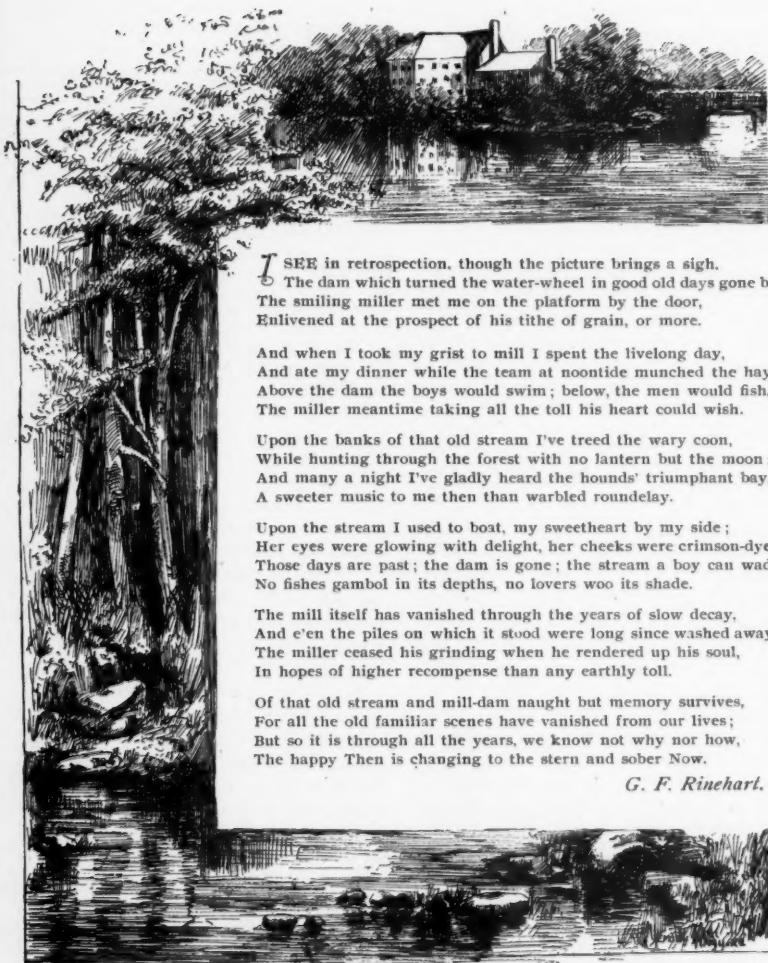
Mr. Realf assures us that his renunciation of abolitionism is sincere, and that he has told his acquaintances here that should he remain out of the pulpit he intended to make speeches, giving his notions of the horrors of abolition in the North during the next presidential election. . . .

We will add that we yesterday suggested to the friends of Mr. Realf the propriety of his placing himself unconditionally at the disposition of the President of the United States. We are glad to say that he has done so, and has also offered to surrender himself to Governor Wise, and has notified these authorities that he will remain here until their wishes are known.

The second circumstance which led on to the defeat of the liberators was the holding of the Ferry too long. Mr. Brown explains the whole matter in his reply to a question by Mr. Valandigham. "I am here a prisoner, and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength when you suppose I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy, after commencing the open attack, in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families, and the community at large." Had he, after accomplishing his purpose at the Ferry, immediately fallen back to the mountains, different results would have followed.

But why talk of what might have been, when we know that that which was planned by the Omniscient Mind by whose wisdom ever the truth comes uppermost and ever is justice done! A just judgment is based upon what men aim to do rather than upon what they do,—not so much the deed as the motive, and, judged by this standard, where can we find a nobler type of Christian manhood than the hero of Harper's Ferry?

THE OLD MILL STREAM.



I SEE in retrospection, though the picture brings a sigh.
The dam which turned the water-wheel in good old days gone by;
The smiling miller met me on the platform by the door,
Enlivened at the prospect of his tithe of grain, or more.

And when I took my grist to mill I spent the livelong day,
And ate my dinner while the team at noontide munched the hay;
Above the dam the boys would swim; below, the men would fish,—
The miller meantime taking all the toll his heart could wish.

Upon the banks of that old stream I've treed the wary coon,
While hunting through the forest with no lantern but the moon;
And many a night I've gladly heard the hounds' triumphant bay,—
A sweeter music to me then than warbled roundelay.

Upon the stream I used to boat, my sweetheart by my side;
Her eyes were glowing with delight, her cheeks were crimson-dyed.
Those days are past; the dam is gone; the stream a boy can wade,
No fishes gambol in its depths, no lovers woo its shade.

The mill itself has vanished through the years of slow decay,
And e'en the piles on which it stood were long since washed away;
The miller ceased his grinding when he rendered up his soul,
In hopes of higher recompense than any earthly toll.

Of that old stream and mill-dam naught but memory survives,
For all the old familiar scenes have vanished from our lives;
But so it is through all the years, we know not why nor how,
The happy Then is changing to the stern and sober Now.

G. F. Rinehart.

Drawing by Emily Maguire.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

HIS CAREER IN THE SUPREME COURT OF ILLINOIS—HIS FIRST CASE IN THAT COURT—HOW HE MEASURED UP WITH TRUMBULL, LOGAN AND OTHERS.

BY GEORGE BEARDSLEY.

FIFTY years ago the convening of the supreme court in Illinois was an annual occasion of much wider interest than attaches to the more frequent sessions of that body at present. There was but one meeting each year—in December—and, as most of the lawyers were also politicians, the event was of only less import to them than the meeting of the legislature. Party leaders met at the supreme court as they met at conventions and,—we are told by Senator Washburne,*—laid the wires of state politics.

A robust, holiday air invests the mental picture one conjures up of those pioneer lawyers journeying to the capital on horseback, over winter roads and against shivering prairie winds; the meeting at the tavern in Springfield; the genial salutations and mutual exchange of experiences on the road. Writers tell of the good-fellowship gatherings in the evenings, after the hard work among the books or before the court, where the seriousness of the profession was put aside and warmth and sociability were given sway. These were the men who were identifying their names with state and national history: Abraham Lincoln, Lyman Trumbull, Sidney Breese, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis and a long list. These men in their early manhood and in their formative period, just getting a foothold upon political influence and power,—a genuine, hardy ambition moving them all, but yet all unconscious of Destiny's unequal hand upon their foreheads,—how one lingers in their presence! Oh, the eternal attractiveness of the unpresageful associations and atmosphere of historic figures and events!

*"Lincoln in Illinois," N. Am. R., vol. 141, page 307.

Greatness in its unaffected childhood, before realization and self-consciousness have arrived! In the manners practiced and the letters written after a great man has assured for himself a place in history one often fancies a note of affectation—"grand-stand playing." But before the great achievement we are sure of naturalness. Of course, one implicitly trusts Lincoln throughout, and rightly so. Still, how charming is this scene that has him, not yet thirty-two years of age, rough-riding it down to Springfield, his tall, large-boned figure wrapped in the shawl of those days, his easy-going, homely, but fetching presentation of his law case, and then at night, in the genial company of lawyers round the fire, he the best fellow of them all, telling his stories and tilting back in his chair!

When the four judges assumed their seats upon the supreme bench at Springfield to convene their honorable court for the December term, 1840, their dignified glance fell upon several men destined to be remembered in the annals of State and Nation. Stephen A. Douglas, John D. Catton, Sidney Breese and Thomas Ford were there, and they were later to find places upon the bench of that distinguished court. Ford was also to become governor, and Douglas a senator and presidential candidate. David J. Baker had already served in the United States Senate, and James Semple, O. H. Browning, J. A. McDougall and Sidney Breese were to be senators. Browning was also to be Secretary of the Interior. Stephen T. Logan was present, and he was winning for himself a place in Illinois history as one of the State's ablest jurists.

Eight or ten younger men, practitioners of less than five years' standing in the

Supreme Court, had cases to that term. Among them were James Shields, afterwards United States Senator, and Norman H. Purple, who was to lead a long career at that bar and afterwards occupy a seat on the State Supreme Bench. David Davis, with a distinguished life before him as lawyer, senator, judge of the Federal Supreme Court and nominee for President, was one of the young men who had business at that term. Lyman Trumbull had appeared the year preceding. It was probably among these younger men, in December, 1840, that another young man, with a single small case to look after, and that his first in the Supreme Court, was an inconspicuous companion. He was not unknown, to be sure, for he had already served three terms in the legislature, but he was a new man in that court. This was Abraham Lincoln, of Sangamon county.

By no means all the cases to that term involved large amounts. Many were begun in the justice of the peace court, and were brought up on points of statutory interpretation. (Those were the days of enactment, when the State was young.) Mr. Lincoln's business was to argue such a case, and, incidentally, to inaugurate a legal career—a career which has been too little studied and dwelt upon by the historian, yet which in extent and successfulness has hardly been equaled before or since in that court.

This first case of Mr. Lincoln's in the Supreme Court of Illinois is an interesting example of the proverbial small beginnings of great things. It was the suit of *Scammon versus Cline*,* and could not have involved a sum exceeding two hundred dollars, since it was begun in the justice court, and two hundred dollars is the limit of the justice's jurisdiction. Scammon sued Cline before Justice Alexander Neely, in Boone county. While we have no proof that Lincoln represented the defendant in the justice, and later in the circuit, court, yet it is no great risk to assume that he did. He took a change of venue—that first learned

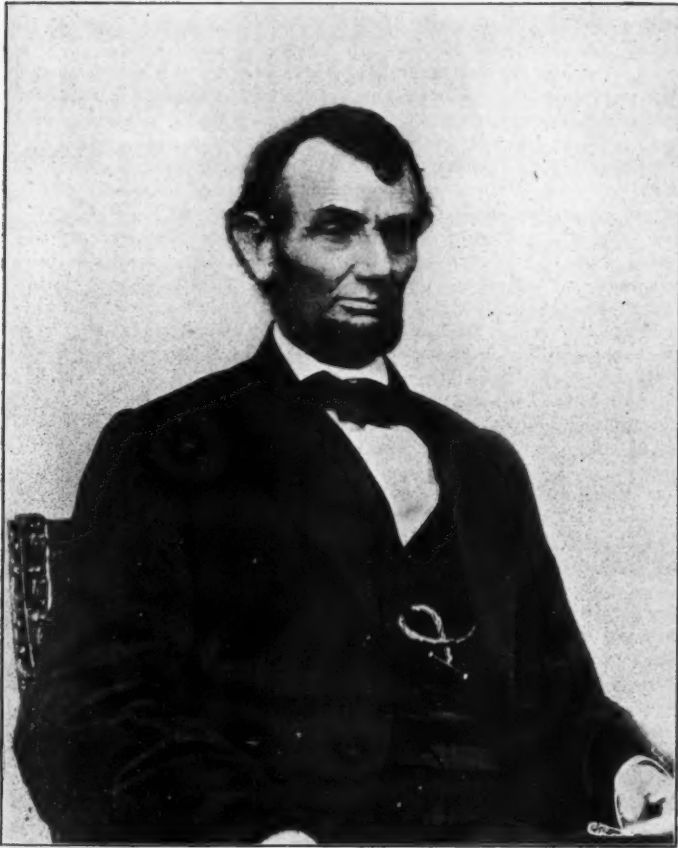
stratagem of every young barrister—and won. The plaintiff appealed to the circuit court and upon a technicality Lincoln got the appeal struck from the docket. But the plaintiff, not to be discouraged, carried his appeal to the Supreme Court and was thus the instrument of introducing Lincoln into the highest tribunal of the Illinois judiciary. And when the little case was heard, Chief Justice Wilson, for the court, in a paragraph or two declared that the appeal had been improperly dismissed by "the Honorable Dan Stone," of the circuit, and Mr. "A. Lincoln" (with his associate, J. L. Loop), who had thus far staved off a judgment against his client, was sent back to the lower court. The final outcome of this case, if it was ever tried again, may only be learned by reference to the records of Boone county.

So the great lawyer lost his first case in the Supreme Court; but it is a way great lawyers have of starting. Melville W. Fuller, too, lost his first case in that court twenty years later; and so did Emery A. Storrs. Nor would it be safe to prophesy a lawyer's career on the basis of such a defeat, or upon the losing of any case. It is the appealing lawyer, if either, who assumes the main responsibility for the final decision. We are safe in assuming that one of Mr. Lincoln's objects in *Scammon versus Cline* was to gain time, in which he succeeded; and it may well be doubted if he expected his somewhat wily achievements below to be sustained in the higher court.

But Lincoln lost his second case also,*—this time to an opposing counsel whose name was destined to attract a large measure of that glory which the eventful succeeding years were to vouchsafe to public men worthy of high fame. Lyman Trumbull won the suit. Here was a trial that is interesting to posterity, not because it settled some struggling principle of law—for it has not become a "leading case"—but because the lawyers who tried it were two men who would later enunciate a higher than legal doctrine,

* 2 Scammon, 456.

* 1 Gilman, 143.



With Permission of D. M. Fox.

THE LINCOLN PORTRAIT.

Sent by Robert T. Lincoln, in response to request, for reproduction in Colonel Fox's "History of Political Parties."

namely, a practical principle of human liberty, and thus imprint their names upon the Nation's history. One was to wield the pen which should draw up the Thirteenth Amendment, and the other was to proclaim the emancipation of a race. Like a flash the mind recalls that it was Lyman Trumbull, too, who fourteen years later defeated the same antagonist (though perhaps not without the latter's assistance in the end) in a contest for a United States senatorship.

Just in this connection one may allude to a suggestive fact which comes out during such a study as the present. In his opinions from the bench Judge Douglas seems invariably to have overruled Lincoln, and, when the court sustained the latter, Douglas dissented. These opinions were very few, of course,—to be accurate, three in all,*—but they are interesting in view of the afterwards world-famous contest of the men.

* 3 Scammon, 389; 4 Sc., 452; 4 Sc., 70.

His third case Mr. Lincoln won.* Here associated with him was Stephen T. Logan, a personage in that generation only less picturesque than one who came after him of the same surname and known popularly as "the Black Eagle of Illinois." Logan was recognized as the foremost lawyer at the bar, and, with Lincoln as junior partner from 1841 to 1843, "Logan & Lincoln" was a team of which Elihu B. Washburne says, "There was never a stronger law firm in the State."

Lincoln's fifth case was the first which he himself appealed,† and with it is begun a record of decisions in his favor which should assist to impress upon our minds, for a fitting background to his position as statesman, his preëminent ability as a lawyer.

A careful examination of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports reveals the fact that "A. Lincoln" appeared as counsel in 158 cases. He won eighty-two of these, or nearly 52 per cent of the whole number. The cases in which Lincoln or his law firm appeared for the appellant number 82. Of these he won 45, or nearly 55 per cent.

One who has never considered the point may wonder that I draw from these figures authority for declaring Mr. Lincoln an unusually successful lawyer. But I suppose the chances of opposing sides are about even, or that the average lawyer will win say fifty per cent of his cases. That is, if ability on both sides were equal, the lawyer's work, by reason of its peculiar nature, would hold out to him as about the highest possible reach of his success 50 per cent of the cases he might try. And since it is a fact that poor lawyers, as a rule, will meet poor lawyers, and good lawyers will be pitted against good lawyers,—somewhat after the manner in which water finds its level,—not only the best but the poorest legal talent may be expected to yield a harvest approaching one-half. Nevertheless, although it would argue nothing as to a

lawyer's standing among *all* lawyers merely to point out the percentage of cases won, yet it is a different and perfectly logical proposition that the balance of cases won may be a measure of comparative ability among one's contemporaries. In this way some conclusions may be drawn by which to judge Mr. Lincoln upon his own record and the records of his associates and professional opponents, some of whom I have mentioned. Before proceeding further, let it be said that it is not a man of straw I am setting up and knocking over in this exposition of Mr. Lincoln's Supreme Court record. I bear well in mind that no one has ever belittled his juridical attainments; I write only to fortify with a few figures his recognized position as a lawyer.

There was only one other man who tried as many appealed suits as did Mr. Lincoln in the twenty years between 1840 and 1860. That was Stephen T. Logan. He tried the same number as Lincoln, but he held comparatively close to his profession, while Lincoln was always in politics.

I find that Logan won 85 suits, which is 55 per cent.

Browning tried 129, and won 51 per cent of that number.

Purple tried 147 and won 48 per cent. Onslow Peters, who tried 124 cases, won only 39 per cent of them.

Judge Trumbull, however, seems to have been successful above all the others in percentage of decisions in his favor, but he tried during that period fewer cases than the others. Of 87 cases he won 50, or 57 per cent.

As for other practitioners, few if any of whom approached the amount of work done by these men during the period mentioned, it could easily be shown that the percentage of cases won was as a rule smaller than that of cases lost.

Of course, legal ability cannot be calculated by arithmetic, but figures are a valuable aid in any study. It has seemed to my mind that Mr. Lincoln's real eminence as a lawyer has not been duly emphasized, the greatness of his public

* 1 Gilman, 173.

† 1 Gilman, 225.

service having overshadowed this minor consideration. Yet it is surely well to get a historically accurate conception of his extended career at the bar. Indeed, such an estimate is necessary before one may obtain the most adequate understanding of this mighty Nineteenth Century character, which developed, if one may in any degree define its development, along legal lines.

It will be worth while, in passing, to notice a fact which most readers will be unprepared to learn, that had Lincoln lived and practiced law in the present day he would have had to be classed with the corporation attorneys. He appears several times in the reports as attorney for railroad companies, representing, among others, the Illinois Central. The thirteenth volume of the Illinois reports, by reason of its size, is an object lesson of the stimulating effect exercised by the then new development of railroads upon the business of the courts. This volume contains the first cases in Illinois involving railroad corporations as parties, and in one of them Mr. Lincoln was counsel for the Alta & Sangamon Railroad Company.* But that was in 1851, when the railroad was a young and cherished growth, fostered and petted by the people, and to represent it in the court-room was probably looked upon as a good office done the commonwealth (and, after all, is it not?) as well as a recognition of a high order of legal ability. Let it be added, however, that Lincoln appeared also against railroad companies in a few cases, although in such he seems to have been less successful than when battling for the rights of that youthful enterprise.

The most interesting part of volume thirty-seven of these reports is that pertaining to the proceedings of the supreme court *in memoriam* the martyred President, at the April term, 1865. The re-

marks there made may be received as a candid statement of the estimate placed upon his legal attainments by his contemporaries in the profession.

Said Judge Caton (recently deceased): "From a very early period he assumed a high position at this bar. Without the advantage of that mental culture which is afforded by a classical education, he learned the law as a science . . . His deductions were rarely wrong from any given state of facts. So he applied the principles of law to the transactions of men with great clearness and precision. He was a close reasoner. He reasoned by analogy and usually enforced his views by apt illustrations. . . . If he discovered a weak point in his case he frankly admitted it, and thereby prepared the mind to accept the more readily his mode of avoiding it. *Not deeply read in his profession*, Mr. Lincoln was never found deficient in all the knowledge requisite to present the strong points of his case to the best advantage, and by his searching analysis to make clear the most intricate controversy. . . . For myself, I have for a quarter of a century regarded Mr. Lincoln as the fairest lawyer I ever knew."

Judge Caton then speaks of Mr. Lincoln's career at the bar as a brilliant one and one of "unsullied purity." The lay mind is apt to catch upon the emphasis here laid as in all eulogies of Lincoln, on the loftiness of his personal character, and seizing such statements as the one I have italicized, take home an insufficient, if not unfair, impression of Lincoln the lawyer. Whereas, a careful and comparative study of his record forces the very important conclusion not only that he was a good lawyer among good lawyers, but that he tried more cases in the supreme court (with the exception already noted) than the other good lawyers of his time, and maintained an average of success exceptionally high among them.

* 13 Illinois, 504.



The Midland's Fiction Department.

JACK.

BY UNA B. NIXSON.



E MADE a great mistake. By we I mean my aged father, who had met with reverses and come West in hope of regaining his fortune; myself, a "girl bachelor," having escaped the mortifying appellation of old maid by being a *fin de siècle* product; and our hired man, a "greaser" with an unpronounceable name, whom, for the sake of brevity, we called Friday.

I had been busy all day making preparations for Sunday, and father and Friday had gone to Lancaster, our nearest trading point, for provisions. When I heard them coming home I went to the door as usual to take the packages, but instead of stopping at the cabin,—it could not exactly be called a house,—they drove straight to the barn, put up the horses, and came in to supper, looking very much amused.

"Where are the groceries?" I asked.

"We didn't get any," was the prompt reply.

"But why not?" I persisted.

"Why, because it's Sunday," my father answered facetiously, just as if he had known it all the time.

The uninterrupted sunshine of Southern California and the absence of any event to break the monotony of the days in the desert had conduced to mix our wits, but this was an unprecedented mistake. The stores were usually open in Lancaster on Sunday, however; but on this particular day the merchants, three in all, had gone on a rabbit hunt.

The following morning the men decided that they must go to cutting the alfalfa. Here and there a purple blossom was already tentatively showing its head, and in a few days, at most, the whole field would burst into bloom, thus destroying to a great extent the strength of the roots.

So I was elected to go for the mail, and for the purchase of such small necessities as my saddle-bag would accommodate. For, though we lived in a wilderness, thanks to the railroad and the press we were able to keep in touch with the outer world.

I was detained in Lancaster by the lateness of the Frisco mail, and by the time I was ready to start for home, my broncho—Sage-Brush Jim, or Sandy for short—and my dog were very impatient. A cool breeze sighed restlessly through the sage-brush with every wind-lap from the mountain pass; frightened birds flew to their nests on the ground; and evening primroses—pale-faced children of the desert—were beginning to open their sleepy eyes, as we hurried along the road, enveloped in a cloud of hot dust. Now and then the dog started a jack-rabbit or mourning dove, and the appearance of either was a signal for the horse

and dog to take a short run. On we hurried toward home, never looking back to see whether the grotesque yuccas were running after us with their deformed legs or beckoning to us with their prickly arms.

When within a mile of the cabin, I let Sandy take his own gait, which was a run. As we neared the corral he stopped so suddenly I was nearly thrown off, in spite of my presumed ability to "stick on" under all ordinary circumstances. Regaining my equanimity, I looked about for the cause of this arrested motion of my animal. He had become frightened at the heads of two solemn-faced burros protruding over the top of his corral. I was as much surprised as he to see his sanctum thus invaded. To be sure, we had visitors occasionally, but they came from neighboring ranches, distant many miles, consequently never on such slow means of locomotion as burros.

I dismounted, tied Sandy to a post, and turned to go toward the cabin. Simultaneously some bright colors on the clothes-line attracted my attention,—a blue flannel shirt, three red bandannas and a pair of socks. These were signals that the intruder was of the masculine gender. I began to grow nervous. Father and Friday had not yet come, and the sun would soon sink into the sea. But visitors of all sorts are expected on the frontier, and if the owner of an establishment is absent, a stranger may take possession as long as he likes, or until the owner returns, and yet adhere strictly to the rules of frontier etiquette. I had several times discovered on my return from the town that neighbors or cow-boys had stopped at our cabin, cooked and eaten a meal and left again during my absence. I was wondering as to the advisability of entering the cabin, when the door opened, and there stood the climax of my astonishment.

A man at least six feet tall stood before me. His shoulders were too broad for the door provided in shack architecture, so that he turned them sidewise, while he looked straight ahead, giving him the ap-

pearance of being out of drawing. His eyes were very black and had a fixed expression, which made them look more like big black blots than like eyes. A moustache partly covered a firm mouth, and his unkempt hair pointed toward all the points of the compass, like our desert porcupines. He wore a gray flannel shirt and buckskin trousers, and supported a brace of revolvers.

I tried to say something; but, discovering that my tongue was at that moment entertaining an affinity for the roof of my mouth, I remained silent. But my uninvited guest relieved me of any embarrassment by beginning the conversation.

"Waal! I'll be darned—be you woman or devil?—one's bad as t'other tho'—ridin' like mad, a foot of a side! Sombrero! and them flyers, too! Them's what gits me!" The latter satirical reference was to my bifurcated skirt.

Anger quickly came to my aid, loosening my tongue, and I replied unflinchingly:

"I am a woman and live on this ranch, sir. Who are you, and what is your business here?"



MISS UNA B. NIXON, OF PASADENA, CALIF.

"I'm Jack," he answered doggedly.

"Jack who?"

"Just Jack; t'other's no biz o' yourn, and I'll git if this 'ere shack's run by a — woman."

It was difficult to decide whether the situation was serious or ludicrous. But the men were in sight now. I could see them following along the irrigation ditch toward the wind-mill, and I knew that a few moments more would bring them in. I sat down on a pile of grease-wood where I could look into the cabin. The stranger turned around and began picking up his things, which were thrown about in disorderly confusion, at the same time talking to himself ostensibly, but veritably to me.

"I might 'a' knowed so! — things right peert 'bout here — posies, too! I just 'lowed my old pard had sold out, seein' garden sass 'round and so many fixin's; reckoned a d —, no, a pig-tail Chinaman was 'round. That 'ud be bad 'nough, but a woman — ugh! I 'lowed I'd turn in here — thought I'd hand in my checks if I staid in the diggin's."

"Are you sick?" I ventured, ignoring the decidedly pessimistic view he was taking of my sex. He did not answer, and I went on. "The men will be here in a few moments — there they are now, this side the pointed butte," pointing in that direction.

"I aint goin' to waste no time packin' my traps, if they be. I'll be — if I'll have any — women in mine!" Then he shambled out of the door, toward the clothes-line. As he came out I saw he looked very pale. When he went back in with his washing, he laid the pieces on the sack he had just packed and settled down in a chair, and really looked alarmingly ill.

"Wouldn't you rather stay until the men come?" I asked, undaunted. He roused up and exclaimed furiously:

"None o' your greased tongue for me; I've seen 'nough o' 'em," and he looked as white as death.

Father and Friday appeared just then, and I drew a breath of relief.

Friday had worked for the man whose claim father bought, so he knew Jack well, as he had at one time been a frequent visitor.

Jack rallied at the sight of a familiar face, and was finally persuaded to remain over night. They helped him into the adobe harness-room where Friday slept, and the next morning he was in a raging fever. There was no physician in the community, the only one that had ever attempted living there had been "starved out"; but we used all of the home remedies of which we were cognizant to allay the fever, and he gradually grew better. Whenever I went into the room he turned his face to the wall. Occasionally I took in magazines and papers and laid them on his bed, but he never touched them while I was present. But several times, when I reappeared unexpectedly, I found him eagerly devouring the contents of my home paper, the —, New York, *News*, and I suspected there was some reason for the preference.

At the end of a fortnight Jack was so much improved he was able to sit up. I had his chair placed so that he could look out on the snow-capped Sierra Madres in the distance, or watch the strange antics of the atmosphere in producing some wonderful mirage effects. Such revelations of beauty come to the inhabitants of the desert-land — a recompense of nature for the sacrificed privileges of civilization. Frequently, in the early morning, one can see a perfect facsimile of some little desert town, suspended high in the heavens, with a like one, inverted, beneath it; perhaps watch the formation of beautiful bridges between mountain passes, and then see them blow away like smoke; or, follow the outlines of giant cacti, reflected in apparent lakes, where there is nothing but a barren waste of sand, until one grows breathless and doubts his own sanity.

I went in one morning when Jack was sitting by the window, and he looked so contented I said, "Jack, are you anxious to get away?"

He looked me full in the face for the

first time, and answered: "I'd jest like to kick myself fer bein' so mean, and I'm sorry I've made ye so much trouble and been so techy."

"Well, if you are really sorry," I said, "tell me about your home and your mother—she is a woman. Didn't you live in New York some place?"

He roused up, and then fell back again, letting his head rest against the wall, with his eyes closed, as he had done on that first day.

I started to leave the room, but he opened his eyes and called out: "Come back, and I'll tell ye all 'bout mother and the old home, but never mind if I git to rantin', fer I feel like shootin' when I git to thinkin' 'bout it."

"Perhaps you had better not tell me, then," I said, but he ignored my remark.

"My mother was a good little woman," he said. "I hope she's livin'. It's near twelve years since I left her, and her beggin' me to stay! My sister died the year afore, and my father had been on t'other side goin' on eight years. Mother an' I lived in a little house all our own, so contented and happy like. I worked hard, but I didn't succeed in much of a strike, and I knew that it 'ud be some time afore I 'ud git 'nough o' a pile to git married to Suze—Suze Stevens."

Here he began to get excited. His face flushed, and the strong arm, resting on the arm of the chair, trembled perceptibly. Then he grew quieter and went on:

"Suze liked fine fixins, so I jest 'lowed I'd go to Leadville, with a lot goin' out to the mines from our town, and see if I couldn't strike it rich. So I went, and I worked hard—tended to my own biz—didn't drink nor gamble a bit, and most o' my chums was regular bunco-steerer, thimble-rigged, three card-monte men.

"After 'while I got homesick and was thinkin' o' givin' up, when I struck up with an old prospector. He said he'd grub-stake me, so I started out, and I tell ye I made a find that time. I got half o' it; but I sold my interest to an Englishman; then I went back to Leadville, got into some fine togs and started for home

and Suze. You can jest bet I was glad to leave that shanty town under the mountain. I was the happiest man on this big footstool—three years was a coon's age to me!

"When I got home my mother was that happy she laughed and cried t' once; then she put her arms 'round my neck and laid her head on my shoulder, lookin' at me like I was a babe in 'er arms, an' then she said softly: 'Jack, I've bad news fer ye.' All of a sudden I felt sick-like, for I knew 'twas 'bout Suze she was goin' to say somethin'. I remembered it 'ud been a year since I'd heard from her; but I was so fur from the post-office, and we never had wrote so very often—though we'd taken an oath to be true to one 'nother. I spunked up my courage, after chokin' a bit, and I said, 'Mother—she aint—she aint dead—is she?'

"'No,' said mother, gently, 'she's married.'

"First I was dazed, then my head went 'round like one o' them merry-go-rounds, then I was tearin'! I rushed out o' the house and over to where they told me Suze lived. I seen her at the window and I rushed in and caught her by the arm and I said, 'You lied to me, you miserable hussy!' She jest said, 'Oh, my Henry!'

"'No Henry o' yours,' I said. 'Where's your d—— husband?' Then she begun cryin'—

"'Oh, take me away—I'm neglected—and—my husband—beats me when he comes home drunk!'

"'It's good 'nough for ye,' said I. 'I come to build you and me a fine house, and this is the way ye've treated me'

"I started to go, but she held on to me with a grip like death, cryin'—

"'Don't go—don't leave me—I didn't hear from ye, and I thought ye must be dead, and my husband he said you'd found somebody you cared more 'bout 'an me.'

"I was gittin' madder and madder, and I said, 'Didn't I tell ye I'd come and git ye, and haven't I always kept my word?'

"Then I made out o' that house, and for days I blowed my money and jest

raised cane—till at last my mother foun' me and tuk me home, and kept me till I was myself agin—no, not myself—couldn't ever be the same agin—I jest hated the sight o' a petticoat, and was crazy to git where I'd never see 'nuther. I give most o' my dust to my mother, then I come out this side o' the Rockies—nigh twelve years ago—and I haven't seen but durned few females sence.

"When I seen ye flyin' up to that cabin I was more skeered than if I'd see a grizzly flyin' at me—'nough sight!"

He paused, looked out of the window, and went on, meditatively: "I'm kind o' glad now; fer ef I hadn't had to be tuk care of by a woman, maybe I wouldn't 'a' got to thinkin' 'bout my mother, an' how she used to nurse me when I was sick. Peers like the harder a body hates a thing in this 'ere world, the surer that thing is to bring him good in some way or 'nuther—heapin' coals o' fire on his head, you might say. When I was layin' there so sick, seemin' to know nothin', I was a thinkin' mighty hard, now I tell ye! I guess the Lord sent me here jest to set me to thinkin', and made me sick so's I'd have plenty o' time to think it out in. And I've done it, you kin bet. I can see it all now—jest how mean and cussed I've been, neglectin' my poor old mother and hatin' all the women jest cause one o' them lied to me. Seems like good many folks git punished in this world fer the things they've got nothin' to do 'bout. But ef the Lord'll give me a show now, I'm with 'im!"—and his fist came down on the arm of the chair with a peremptory thud that shook the adobe like an earthquake.

A few days later Jack was able to be out. He busied himself about the ranch, and my "garden sass"—which had evoked his wrath a few weeks previous—now grew and flourished under his care. He went about quietly and did not say much. But one evening he came in with a handful of desert flowers, and seemed inclined to talk. As there was really no common ground for conversation, I expressed some interest in mining, which he

referred to frequently, and asked him if he had any specimens of quartz-carrying gold. I had seen several pieces of quartz among his few belongings.

He brightened up and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "You bet, do you want to see 'em?"

I said that I did, and he went into the adobe and brought out a number of large pieces of quartz.

"That come from a claim I've had covered up in the mountains fer a long time," he said, handing me one of the pieces. "I'm goin' down to Dagget to work in the silver mines till I can raise 'nough to work it, ef I can't git somebody to grubstake me, fer there's 'nough in that hole to make me rich agin."

"Why haven't you tried to open this mine before, if its such a good thing?" I asked.

"Waal, I didn't care 'bout it much, but now I do," and a new light came into his eyes.

"How much money would it take, Jack, to open the mine, and keep you until the mine would bring returns?" I asked. He named the sum, adding:

"It'll take some hard knocks to git that, but I'll git there, don't you forgit; then I'm goin' home to see my mother."

That night I did not sleep much. The idea had suggested itself that I might furnish Jack the money from my hard-earned savings from teaching school. I turned the matter over and over in my mind and tried to decide as to the advisability of such a step. I believed firmly in Jack's honesty now; but what if he were deceived about the mine! He had told me that the mine was near a railroad, and that, certainly, was in its favor. Then came visions of my father reinstated in the old homestead, free from care and work, surrounded again by old friends and associations. The temptation was too great.

The next morning I surprised them all by telling them I was going to Los Angeles. A little shopping was my excuse. And none of them knew that the real cause of this unexpected departure

was a small piece of quartz, carefully concealed in my hand-bag.

A hundred miles had never seemed so long before. But when I did arrive in the city, I lost no time in finding an assayer, and the certificate of assay, which I received later, showed that "The Find"—Jack's name for the mine—was worth mining.

When I found myself in the Lancaster station again, Jack was there to meet me. On the way home he told me that he had heard of a sure job in Dagget, during my absence, and that he would set out on the morrow. I didn't exactly know how to get at what I wanted to say, but I finally mustered up courage to venture casually,—

"Jack, would you like to have enough money to begin work on your own mine, and not go to Dagget?" He looked surprised and answered:

"I'd be the happiest man on the whole job."

When I told him that I had decided to furnish him the money, he was overcome with gratitude.

The money had been provided, the burros were packed and Jack was about to say good-bye.

"Jack, wont you tell us your real name now?" I asked. I had never mentioned it before.

"That's not much to ask when you're doin' so much fer me," he said; "but jest call me Jack till I come back, then I'll tell ye my name. I've taken the stakes, and I'll give ye half 'The Find'—here's my hand on it—I never lied to man, nor woman nuther—good-bye."

He was off. I watched him until he disappeared in the sea of sage-brush.

I ask you: Have I lost, or won?

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

THE mouth of the river is very narrow, but that is only where it rushes through the thin line of sand dunes that guard this part of the New England coast. Behind them it forms a large, shallow bay bounded by great stretches of salt marsh.

The town lies at the head of the bay,—a quaint old place, its streets bordered by fine old elms, and its water-front by abandoned wharves. The town is not what it used to be in the days of the trade with India.

In the gray of the morning, one day in early summer, two fishermen are rowing out to the ledges that lie two or three miles off shore. One of the men is dark, almost as dark as a Spaniard; the other is fair, for a man who from his boyhood has followed the sea. The one last mentioned is very happy this morning—happy, thankful and proud. For after years of such pinching and economizing as none knew but himself, he has saved

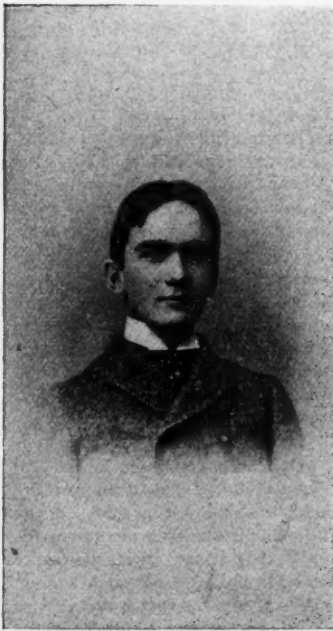
enough to buy a little cottage that stands, away from the main road, at the head of a quiet lane. Two great elms at the side overshadow and protect it, moss roses grow in the sunny dooryard, the wooden posts of the broad porch are covered from bottom to top with a mass of honeysuckle, which has been led from one to the other until a succession of green arches has been formed. The half-acre of land at the back is an old apple orchard, where the grass grows long and thick between the gnarled trunks of the trees. This is the home to which he is going to take the woman he loves. All these long years he has been working and saving with this for his goal. As he rows he sees picture after picture in the gray mist that hangs over the water astern, and he smiles as he watches them, for he sees always a sweet woman's face and a little vine-covered cottage in the foreground.

The face of the second man is hard and drawn, and his eyes are fixed on the broad, muscular back that rises and falls in front of him as it keeps time to the stroke. He needs money. He must have it, and at once. He knows that the man who is with him has the savings of years in his belt. If he should take them no one need ever know. That long, sharp knife used for cutting up bait would answer for a weapon. A single stroke in the right place and it would all be over. Then it would be an easy matter to weight the body with one of the several pieces of railroad iron carried for ballast, drop it over the side, and say that during the heavy blow, that was coming up, he had fallen overboard, had been struck by the plunging boat and had sunk before he could be rescued. They would never suspect him, for his life as far as was known had always

been a straightforward one. It was not known by anyone who would hear of the accident that he was in need of money. And this man had been his closest friend from boyhood. But then he thought of all his partner had gone through, all the hardships he had endured without a murmur that he might add to his savings; how he had talked by the hour of the woman he loved, while they were fishing alone out there on the ledges. He thought, too, of the great happiness that had shone in his face as the day for which he had labored so long drew near.

And so, each absorbed in his own thoughts, they pulled steadily out to sea, past the sand dunes, with the Life-Saving Station nestled among them, a pistol-shot distant from the river's mouth, past the long granite breakwaters, past the dangerous bar that blocks the harbor entrance, a whistling buoy marking its seaward end, and so on straight out into the broad Atlantic. When the ledges were reached they anchored and began to fish. At first their luck was good, but the breeze which had been "picking up" all the morning soon blew half a gale and they were forced to stop. They had intended to make a port twenty miles farther south where, owing to the greater demand, they could realize more on their catch; and it was for this reason that the fair-haired man had brought his money with him, the owner of the cottage living there. It looked so threatening to seaward, however, and there was such a sea running, that they stepped their reefed sprit-sail and ran for the mouth of the river.

The tide was ebbing and the northeast blow had raised a tremendous sea on the bar, where the combers broke all the way across. They rounded to in the lea of the whistling buoy and, making fast to it, waited for the tide to turn, when the sea on the bar would go down and they might run in with safety. The great iron buoy rose and fell on the waves every few seconds, giving forth its weird "wh-o-o, who-o-o-o," sometimes short, sometimes long drawn out,—



EDWARD CARPENTER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

awful at any time, most terrible and awe-inspiring as the accompaniment to a gale of wind on a black winter's night.

In the course of a couple of hours, the tide having turned, it was calm enough to cross the bar. One of the men turned towards the bow to cast off from the buoy, which was thrashing heavily in the rising waves. As he did so his hand touched the long knife stuck between a thwart and the combing. He turned his head slowly and looked at his companion who was leaning over the stern, shipping the rudder, the belt containing his money showing plainly. He stood for a moment looking fixedly at him; then, in two steps, he was beside the unsuspecting man.

"She jumps so, Jack, I can't —"

There was a flash, a blow, a sigh and it was all over. The rudder floated quickly astern, the hands trailed in the water and the head drooped until the still-smiling face touched the waves.

With shaking hands the murderer undid the belt, took out the notes and strapped it in place again. He bound two of the heavy pieces of iron firmly to the feet, and, trying not to see its face, slid the body over the stern. As it disappeared feet foremost in the dark waters, he muttered, "No one will ever know who did it," and turned with a start as the buoy behind him moaned in its deep voice, "Who-o-o?"

He looked in all directions, but no one was in sight. The only house for miles on this lonely shore was the Life-Saving Station, and it was deserted during the summer by all but the keeper. Quickly hiding the money in his coat, and slipping an oar over to leeward in place of the lost rudder, he cast off from the buoy and headed for home, but all the way the dreadful, questioning "who-o? who-o-o?" followed him.

He reached his landing safely and reported the accident. There were few questions asked. A sailor's life is an uncertain one at best, and many a good man had been lost before from the same port. This one had no relations, few

intimate friends. There was a heart-broken woman, one more tablet on the wall of the village church, and a little vine-covered cottage still for rent.

That was all,—except for a restless man who roamed all day through the fields and woods and at night shut himself up alone in his house. "He will never fish on the ledges again," they said, "how the poor fellow grieves for his friend!" And the man wondered if they knew how far back in the country one could hear that fearful buoy.

The summer passed and then the autumn; at last winter arrived with its bitter cold winds and ice and snow. The Life-Saving Station was all activity then, the small colony of seven men and the keeper being the only human beings for miles along the coast. An extra man, the December man, allowed them by the government for this month of the year only, had just arrived and taken up his duties. He had been roaming about the country for half a year, trying to get beyond the reach of the voice of the whistling buoy that marks the harbor bar. Finally he had returned and was seeking the other extreme by accepting a position that would keep him, all night and all day, within sound of its eternal questioning. Seldom had there been so great a change in a man. His shoulders were bowed, his face was drawn and thin, while his deep-set, flighty eyes gleamed with a fire that was not natural.

The daily routine of the Station remained undisturbed by any unusual event until, with the afternoon of the twelfth of that month, there commenced a northeast gale which will long be kept in mind on that iron-bound coast by the bones of the good vessels cast away during the three days it was at its height. The barometer in the dining room had been steadily falling during the past forty-eight hours, and by 9 o'clock that evening the roar of the wind and surf was so terrible that the men, gathered around the stove, had to shout to be heard. The house shook and rocked on its foundations, and the entire surface of the sea was one boiling, seeth-

ing mass of foam. Two men were put on the night-beats, as it was feared that a single patrolman would get bewildered and wander helplessly through the deserted sand-hills until, overcome by the cold, he would fall to the ground.

It was the second night of the hurricane, which was now at its height. All the night before and all that day the surf had broken with the noise of heavy artillery on the beach in front of the Station, and through it all, above the roar of the winds, the buoy out on the bar had screamed and shrieked "Who-o! who-o-o!" as it had never cried before.

The second night-watch of two men was being sent out, and one of them was the extra December man. Together they fought their way along, thankful that it was low tide and that they could walk on the hard sand beyond the reach of the waves. When about two miles from the Station they noted what appeared to be

the bows of a small schooner standing out black against the foam of the surf, one moment thrown high in the air, the next almost covered by a following sea. They worked as close to the edge of the breakers as they dared and stood peering to windward, their eyes sheltered by their hands from the driving salt spray. Suddenly a giant wave reared the object on its crest and hurled it with a crash in the shoal water at their very feet, while at the same moment it gave a fairly human shriek. With a cry to Heaven one of the men started on a run for the Station. The other remained. And there they found him several hours later, when the search party arrived, squatting on his heels in the foam and spume, his gaunt face fixed in a horrid grin, while before him lay the shattered frame of the great iron buoy, a long length of parted chain-cable telling its story,—but nothing telling his.



MY NUT-BROWN INDIAN MAID.

A LONG the sun-kissed hillside
 The sumac torches beam,
 And bright in foggy fallows
 The yellowed poplars gleam;
 The maples in the woodland
 Their crimson flags unfurl,—
 All earth is glad to greet you,
 My nut-brown Indian girl!

Soft purple hazes drape the sky,—
 Smoke-wreaths from camp-fires blown,—
 The oak leaves rustle, rustle by,
 The stream sings on alone;
 The bright-eyed asters wait with me
 To greet you in the glade,—
 October, decked in colors rare,
 My nut-brown Indian maid!

Maude Morrison.

"THE TRAGIC TREES."

A TALE OF MOB LAW.*

I.

BY MARGUERITE CHAMBERS KELLAR.

WHEN the wheel of fortune turned Miss Ruth Hunter from the cheerful life of New Orleans into the village of Bourbonville, she rebelled, in a miserable, helpless manner common only among women. She was forty years old; yet no society belle ever missed her triumphs more than Miss Ruth missed the opera, the play, and the other odds and ends of city life. And she was too old to find new friends or create new plans.

Nevertheless there was not the slightest use in beating against the bars. It was one of those tyrannical bits of life, called force of circumstances, which changed her surroundings as thoroughly as if she had been transported to another planet.

Her old-maid life was inseparable from that of her old-bachelor brother. They had been constant companions in childhood, they had shared each other's love dreams in early youth, and had taken to heart each other's broken hopes, afterwards. So, when he went to Bourbonville, she went too; he with his cold, self-contained nature; she, with sympathetic instincts alive to all the world. In fact, Miss Ruth had, on one memorable occasion, been called "meddler." This was done, however, by naughty boys, whom history had not taught that meddlers are often reformers. To the tortured kitten, rescued from their cruel hands, "meddler" had certainly meant benefactor.

In Boston atmosphere, Miss Ruth would have been a woman of "views," for, in her opinion, a

great many things needed making over; but the languorous air of the South had left her unable to do more than utter little protests, in private. She recognized the gap between her will and her strength, and might have appropriately said:

"The time is out of joint: Oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

It was probably some weakness in her character, some undeveloped attribute which robbed her life of success. As she said, pathetically, "I was too late, even to save the kitten." She had made faint little snatches at fame through her pen;



MRS. MARGUERITE CHAMBERS KELLAR,
Hot Springs, South Dakota.

*Awarded the Prize for the Best Original Story in THE MIDLAND'S March 31st Competition.

and, during the first loneliness in Bourbonville, her brother advised her to write up the people.

"Use the material about you," he said.

"Use the material, indeed!" she answered. "There's no material to use; nothing can happen here. Gabriel's trumpet would not stir this place to life."

This lack of perception in her emphasized the truth, that "they only find, who know where to look."

She was not, even in a modest way, a satirist; and the quaint humor, the infinite pathos, which animates the pen of genius, had no existence for her, except through the medium of that pen. She could not fancy a thousand little conceits in the characters around her; nor see, in the uneventful tenor of their ways, material for the "Russet-coated Epics" of a George Eliot. Least of all would she have expected to find tragical elements in a spot so dull and lifeless.

So it happened, naturally, that she buried herself in books written by others, and let herself drift into this story, left for another to write.

Bourbonsville was in a healthy locality and rejoiced in being the oldest town in the state. It was a quaint, sleepy hollow of a spot, which Irving might have selected for the scene of his famous legend, and, having selected, would doubtless have doubled Rip Van Winkle's sleep. The men walked leisurely about, and the women strolled along on occasional shopping expeditions; or, to use a local expression, they sometimes "went down the street." One bank and six churches caused a stranger to wonder who filled the latter, and supported the former.

Among the churches was the Old School Presbyterian, in which services were held once a year, and sometimes not oftener than once in two years. A religious town!

Recreation consisted in attending church on Sunday and calling at the post-office every evening. Another custom, not to be lightly mentioned, was the social gathering at the dingy old depot, when one of the youths and maid-

ens started on a trip to a neighboring village. On occasions of this sort, every acquaintance considered it a duty to be on hand and say good-bye.

Bourbonsville was a pretty, proper, prohibition town, with not even a beer bottle in sight; an orthodox village, where one felt as if the sun shone and the rain fell by rule. The houses were old and sturdy and looked as if they had been built for a population which expected to stay in them forever.

"No chance for any excitement here," said Miss Ruth, disconsolately; for, though well on in years, she had lost none of her relish for active life. Even in a picture, she preferred a storm scene at sea, or the tossing of forest trees, or motion in some form. From the days of her active gaieties, long passed away, there still remained the spirit, which refused to be in sympathy with a sluggish village, where existence was but a "death in life," yet where, to her continual wonder, the people seemed entirely satisfied.

Miss Ruth thought them an extremely patriotic community, for they possessed that loud-voiced patriotism common in some circles before the War—and again, just after. They shamed her somewhat, in their devotion to the South, and especially to their State. On one occasion, when she modestly expressed her opinion that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an impartial picture of Southern life, bright, amiable little Mrs. Mathes looked at her askance, and said, "I thought you were a Southerner!"

When she condemned the doctrine of secession, and, to describe it, used a woman's pet adjective, "abominable," Mr. Mathes came to his wife's assistance and with a lofty superiority, said, "You must have been born in Massachusetts instead of Mississippi."

The Matheses were Miss Ruth's next door neighbors, but, from the day of her unlucky speech, she lost caste.

Twenty years before, Miss Ruth's brothers had belonged to Lee's picked sharpshooters. They were among those who went first and staid longest. Her

young lover had been a brave and faithful soldier in all the campaigns of the "Army of the Tennessee," never missing a battle; had lain at death's door, on hard hospital beds; had marched in summer heat and winter cold; and, after the battle of Murfreesboro, was buried, with other beardless boys, in a common ditch. Miss Ruth had been one of the young girls who knitted socks and sewed flannel shirts for Southern soldiers during the four dreadful years, considering herself miserable when Sunday interrupted the work. Her old father, too, full-handed and big-hearted, had given the whole of his vast fortune to the "lost cause." But that record was worthless in Bourbonville. A woman who endorsed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not love the South, and that ended the argument.

This pretty, curious old town, with its self-satisfied inhabitants, lay snugly in a basin, with high hills on every side. Describing it in one of her letters home, Miss Ruth said, "The hills shut in the old ideas and exclude the new." Whether the hills were responsible for the lack of progress, or not, they made a very pretty picture.

On the outskirts of the village stood three large sugar-maple trees, said to be a hundred years old. They formed with the spreading branches deep green in summer, gold in autumn,—a mass of grateful shade or of glowing warmth. Their arms grew low, as if in good will to mankind. No doubt innocent children for three generations had played in their shadows, and afterwards, as men and women, whispered tenderly to one another under the close, caressing boughs. The three trees made shade sufficient for a good-sized picnic. The view from them was fair and enticing. On one side were the hills overlooking the town; on the other, meadows and fields stretched away to what seemed an illimitable distance. On this spot Miss Ruth first found balm for homesickness. There the poetry and enthusiasm of youth enveloped her, and her whole being responded generously to the delightful charm of nature. The view

was hers; the trees were especially hers, for there no human being intruded. The birds in the boughs overhead sang a lullaby to her thoughts; and the mild-eyed Jersey cows had grown to be an essential part of the scene. The people of the village were altogether indifferent to the beauties of the spot; but Miss Ruth had no difficulty in explaining this according to the rule that every-day blessings are neglected. That the rule held good in this instance was a source of great satisfaction to her. Every hour she spent there held its distinct charm, impossible had chattering tongues intruded.

She had gone there at dawn of day, when the sun loitered behind the hills. The clear sweet air was sweeter and clearer then, as she waited and watched with a song in her heart, "while the still morn went out with sandals gray."

Even at midday, when desperately weary of the hot, dingy-looking houses, she braved the sun in order to find rest under the maple trees. But evening was the day's poem. The outlook then was most soft and touching, when the sun, like a great crimson ball, slowly disappeared, leaving a softly tinted sky; when the birds' songs were hushed and the spot was enveloped in a silence so entrancing and so satisfying that it seemed, not silence only, but some subtle essence, possessing myriads of sweet, tender, appealing voices, unheard except by a listening soul.

It was on such an evening as this that Miss Ruth sat on a large gray stone which lay at the root of her favorite tree, and which formed her usual seat. Spring and summer had come and gone, and the winds of the last October day had stripped the trees, and the leaves lay a golden carpet on the ground. Miss Ruth was touched by the loneliness about her, as by an Infinite Presence. It was good to live; and Bourbonville was not so bad after all. While she sat reading and dreaming, with the glories of earth and heaven closer to her than usual, a ragged boy came walking slowly toward her, swinging a small basket, half-full of

withered vegetables. When he came near, he stopped and looked intently at her, and half-curiously, too; then, according to the local custom of greeting strangers, he said "Good-evenin'."

The next moment he was gazing up into the branches above her head. He was the first human being who had invaded her retreat. Others had passed by, but, intent on business or pleasure, had been satisfied to glance and go on.

"That's whar they hang folks," he next said, still gazing up into the trees.

"What?" asked Miss Ruth, as she looked at him half dreamily. The spell of the hour was upon her senses, and the boy and his words were vague and distant.

"Three men hung there jist befo' you come," he announced, tritely.

"Why, what do you mean?" a swift thought of his insanity possessing her.

"Mean jist that," he answered, as he idly swung his basket to and fro. "They hung three men thar one night, and one befo' that," and he stared up in the trees with a speculative air, altogether out of keeping with the subject.

"You are a wicked, wicked boy," said Miss Ruth, severely, "and you are telling me a falsehood."

"No'm I aint," grinning like a malevolent imp. "I seen 'em hangin' nex' day—two niggers and one white. The niggers say the ghosts come every night, an' mean ter kill the trees. I reckon they know. I wouldn't set thar."

And she did not. The poor, ignorant boy had truth in his face. Before the close of his last sentence she was out from under the trees and standing by his side.

"Yes'm," he continued, in the tone of one discussing a chicken fight, "yes'm, they taken them from the jail, at night. I reckon them trees wuz made fur the bizness. They does fust rate, anyhow. The limbs is low an' handy."

"Hush!" Miss Ruth's voice was harsh and angry. The boy started as from a blow.

Her heart was throbbing in her throat; her fingers were cold; the gray light of

the dying day was hurrying on, and the mists were already rising between the hills down in the valleys. The woman and the tattered, insentient vagabond stood close together, the only living beings present.

To Miss Ruth's strained senses the trees began to take the form of grim specters; she gazed into the mysterious depths of the bare, black branches, and fancied moving forms. Shaking from head to foot, her books dropped from her hands with a loud noise.

"It's gittin' late, ma'm," said the boy, "I'll tote yer things fur yer. Air yer afeard? Thought yer knowed 'bout the trees, though," and he looked in her face appealingly. "Nobody ever sets under 'em but you."

Miss Ruth gathered her wits together. This talkative imp must not mistake horror for fear; so, controlling the tremor in her voice, she said, "You may bring the books; I am cold."

He hurriedly gathered up the books and followed, as Miss Ruth walked rapidly towards home. His tongue seemed hung on a hinge, and he chatted on.

"I live in 'Possum Range, three miles from town; my name is Lige,—Lige Gage." He continued reflectively, "Folks out thar call you brave,—ther 'brave woman.' They 'lowed you knowed 'bout ther hangin'; but la! They're might'ly out of it!"

"Will you hush," said poor Miss Ruth, desperately.

"I 'lowed you'd wanten hear," he continued placidly. "Them town folks wont notice us 'Possum Rangers 'less they want help to do some night work; then they buys masks and things, and all go in ther racket together."

By this time the gate of Miss Ruth's little yard was reached. She took the books from him and, without a word, walked quickly into the house. She found her brother in the sitting room, enjoying the warmth of the early fire, and she burst out like a volcano, giving him the story fresh from the 'Possum Ranger's lips.

Charles Hunter listened attentively, but, to her disgust, he betrayed neither indignation nor surprise, as he calmly answered, "My dear sister, let this matter alone, and don't make yourself unpopular. Remember this is a mob-law state."

"You, a man, and take it so calmly!" she retorted.

"My dear, experience teaches men the folly of useless opposition. Remember the fate of the frail broom against the sea waves. Take my advice: Live in your books. In them alone lie your safety and happiness."

"Did you know about those trees?" She glanced at him suspiciously.

"Certainly."

"And never told me? And let me go there?"

"Why, my dear, that is the finest scene in the whole country."

"But the horror of it!" she answered.

"Yes, it is horrible," he said seriously, "look at it in any light you choose; but, when I found you had learned to love the spot, I had not the heart to tell you; and I did not suppose anyone would be so brutal. You have seemed so much better contented of late,—almost happy." And he sighed, for her moods mattered much to him. Presently he resumed, more earnestly, "It is wiser to dwell as little as possible on evils you cannot remove."

"But," she continued, insistently, "to think and talk and act will mend matters."

"True. If you can act; but we are strangers here, and shall probably not remain long enough for me to vote."

"Vote? Who cares to vote! We want civilization."

He laughed a little maliciously, and said, "I advise you not to repeat that here."

"They are all barbarians," she answered, recklessly.

"Not individually, only collectively," he answered, still half smiling.

"Enough to be a disgrace," she returned, adding aggressively, "and you are getting to be as bad as any of them, for you defend them."

"No, I merely recognize my inability to change an evil, while you torture your heart in useless effort. I cannot endorse the theory that to be born here guarantees special beauty to women or bravery and honor to men. Yet that is the pleasant illusion hereabouts. It is possible for aliens like you and me to remember, not only the great men produced by this State, but also the notorious outlaws. In the face of these unlawful deeds, it is matter for surprise that egotism grows to its present proportions. It is certainly rank enough." And he knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Cannot the civil officers curb the outrages?" asked Miss Ruth, somewhat more tranquil, seeing her brother was not the monster of indifference he had seemed.

"The officers partake of the nature of the people," he replied briefly, "and the people are responsible for these midnight deeds."

"Then what becomes of the political proverb, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God,'?" she inquired, scornfully. "Does anyone believe God's voice was in the hanging of those poor wretches, without a trial?"

"I presume the truth of the proverb depends pretty much on the type of people," answered Mr. Hunter. "In this case I should unhesitatingly declare the voice of the people to be that of the devil."

"Oh, that we had power to change these customs!" exclaimed Miss Ruth, impatiently.

"But since we cannot hope to have that power, we shall allow this community to attend to its own affairs, in its own way."

"Even to committing murder in the most horrible of all ways, I suppose," she said, hopelessly.

"It amounts to that, yes," replied Mr. Hunter, in his irritating, imperturbable manner. "But," he continued, "if my opinions will add to your comfort, here they are in full: This evil ought to be uprooted; lawlessness has become notorious and has fixed a crime upon the

State; but the difficulty lies in the fact that the people are blind to their shame. 'Kings can do no wrong' is converted into 'my State can do no wrong.' Since the revelation of this local peculiarity, I have concluded that state pride in excess is an unfortunate trait, leading to blind egotism,—always a barrier to progress or to the highest civilization."

Miss Ruth, half awed by her brother's unexpected support and sympathy, said, "To express such sentiments would injure you, if you were in politics."

"And if I were, state lines would not be boundaries for my views. Besides, I shall never touch the outer circle of the legerdemain of politicians."

He seemed about to dismiss the subject when she abruptly asked, "If you had reformatory power, how would you use it?"

Mr. Hunter answered earnestly, almost solemnly, "Andrew Johnson once said, 'Massachusetts and South Carolina ought to be lashed together on some rock, in mid-ocean, to be washed by the waves and cooled by the winds.' I should form a trio, by adding another state. And yet," he continued, after a pause, "social and political sins do not depend upon locality, or on any particular type of human nature; but rather in permitting conceit and unwholesome customs to obtain an abnormal development. Hence, communities, like individuals, should be continually alert."

"Puritan New England's vain assumption of superiority developed into witch-burning. Slavery in the South became a cherished institution, until custom destroyed our sense of its enormity. Nor, do we forget the beautiful Roman women who, with thumbs turned down, smiled at the dying gladiators in the arena."

"Bourbonville only needs the touch of elbows to the outside world as an eye-opener. So be patient, and now go to bed; I've said my last word on the subject."

The next morning the sound of Mrs. Mathes' voice at the hall door, enquiring for Miss Hunter, gave the latter more

than ordinary pleasure. The experience of the previous evening had set her nerves in disorder, and Mr. Hunter's patient talk had not entirely restored her.

From Mrs. Mathes, who had been born and reared in Bourbonville, and who, for that reason, understood its customs, Miss Ruth expected sympathy. For, incredible as it may seem, she meant to agitate the subject and attempt a reformation. "A very small pebble," she argued, "dropped in the sea will make a ripple."

Miss Ruth's pebble was diminutive, but it was real. She was sure of help from this woman, who occupied the foremost place in every charitable undertaking.

Mrs. Mathes was not only "good" in a conventional, orthodox way, but she aspired to intellectual superiority. She belonged to that class created by nature to do the correct thing, and who follow the beaten path, even in dispensing charities. She was an enthusiastic "church woman," an outward follower of Him whose gentle spirit rebuked all bloodshed. Her husband, being the most prominent man in the community, was understood to have political aspirations.

Viewed in the light of Miss Ruth's philanthropical plans, her pleasure at seeing Mrs. Mathes was natural.

"You look sick," exclaimed the latter, coming into the room, her voice alive with sympathy.

"I *feel* sick," answered Miss Ruth, simply.

"What is the matter? You are white, with dark rings about your eyes."

"I did not sleep well last night," replied Miss Ruth, wearily.

"Did you see ghosts?" inquired Mrs. Mathes, smiling.

"Yes," and Miss Ruth's solemn eyes emphasized her answer. "Yes, I saw ghosts,—the ghosts of a murdered civilization."

Mrs. Mathes looked at her searchingly, saying, "Dear Miss Hunter, you are certainly sick; you are feverish; send for the doctor."

"No, no; you are the physician I need; you can tell me the truth. Yesterday evening a vagabond white boy came upon me, at those maple trees, and told me a horrible tale; but it cannot be true; I went over it all, last night."

"You mean about the men being hanged?" asked Mrs. Mathes, quietly.

"It is true then?"

"Oh, yes, it is indeed."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Miss Ruth, her face growing, if possible, more wan than ever.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mathes, "a great pity to desecrate those trees; they were the pride of the country."

"But," continued Miss Ruth, eagerly, "it is not the trees, it is the men. I hoped the tale was not true."

"True? Why, yes; the mob often takes prisoners from jail and hangs them."

"Where is your law?" and the indignant blood swept the pallor from Miss Ruth's face.

"Oh," said Mrs. Mathes, with a smile, "they don't wait for law."

"You do not defend the practice, I hope," said Miss Ruth, stifling her horror and beginning to cast in her pebbles.

"Oh, of course it's wrong, but they will do it."

"But your husband has influence; can he do nothing?"

"Miss Hunter," answered Mrs. Mathes, evasively, "the men deserved their fate."

"But that was murder; it was cowardly, and a disgrace to the people," Miss Ruth said, in consternation.

"Allow me to remind you, my friend," answered Mrs. Mathes, politely but with some heat, "it is not so easy to disgrace our State; her record for courage is past dispute, and we are proud of it."

"Then," said Miss Ruth, losing all semblance of self-control, "I rejoice in being a native of a State distinguished for nothing except the repudiation of her debts. Thank God for giving us no peg on which to hang self-approval. We may be steeped in sin, but we bear it with becoming modesty."

Her heart failed. That men were brutal was not so shocking as the amiable acceptance of brutality by a refined woman.

Mrs. Mathes had disposed of the subject in an airy, graceful manner, colored with the local conceit, which was simply appalling to one who went to the core in search of right and wrong. As Miss Ruth sickened with that pang of hopelessness which comes to every earnest nature at the sudden check of a high purpose, the conversation drifted to other channels, and she smiled and added that useful monosyllable demanded by courtesy from the most silent listener.

That Mrs. Mathes was not shocked and grieved, as she had expected, was, in itself, disappointing; but that she went beyond, even to the extent of approving the crime, was exasperating.

Afterwards, when reflecting on the interview, Miss Ruth concluded that as "one swallow does not make a summer," neither does one woman, or for that matter, any women, count where vital affairs are to be regulated.

Straightway she contradicted the latter conclusion by continuing to put her own little finger into this enormous pie. For the next few weeks she might have been called a most uncomfortable person. Like a politician who buttonholes every man he meets, she let no one escape. She carried out practically her theory that thinking, talking and acting bring about reformation.

"You ought to be abated as a nuisance," said her brother once, after he had listened to a warm discussion between his sister and the Baptist minister.

She saw the approving gleam in his eyes, and answered, "You agreed with me."

"Yes, and endorsed you."

"And kept silent," she said in a tone of reproach.

"You did not need my help, for the advantage was yours; and I believe in fair play."

The Rev. Hiram Ellis had been preaching a series of missionary sermons, and that morning had imposed upon himself

the duty of seeing Miss Ruth in person, in order to solicit alms for the Chinese.

It must be confessed that very few of Miss Ruth's dimes went to China. So Mr. Ellis had scarcely opened his business when she informed him she had no money for that purpose, while the heathen were swarming at home.

Whereupon, he said, stiffly, "Ah, I have heard of your views. I presume you allude to those occasions upon which the citizens were compelled to dispense justice in a summary manner."

"Not at all," she quickly answered. "I allude to the acts of murder and outrage committed by the people on helpless prisoners."

"Ah," he repeated with additional formality, stroking his chin, "you are misinformed; or, to be candid, your judgment is over-severe. This is a religious community, a religious people,"—with a solemn emphasis on "religious."

"And is night lawlessness a part of their piety?" asked Miss Ruth.

"That is outside my province," he answered, with a wave of his hand. "I preach the Gospel, only."

"But how can you preach the Gospel and ignore the question of decent morality?" Then, as the theme asserted anew its power, she said earnestly, even beseechingly, "Oh, try to preach a different spirit into the people!"

"I never mix politics and religion," he answered, drawing a double mantle of dignity over himself.

"But if you can do good; and this is not partisan politics," she argued despairingly, "and how can you pass it by unnoticed?"

"By preaching within my text," he answered coolly.

"Very well," she said, "whenever you have preached the stain of barbarism from Bourbonville, come to me for missionary money."

Whereupon, Mr. Ellis, with solemn leave-taking, went away to other women of less pronounced opinions, who also understood the meekness and humility due a minister.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hunter's bantering tone, he was very glad his sister had found an object on which to spend her energies. He slyly encouraged her, knowing that something must take the place of the opera, the literary club, and home. This curious missionary work, into which she entered so heartily, was innocent employment, and, he concluded cynically, "useless as any other."

It was several days before her opportunity came with John Hogan, the sheriff of the county. He passed her door every day to and from his office, and one evening he stepped in to see Mr. Hunter on business. He was a genial young fellow, whose black eyes hinted at a reserved power necessary for one in his business. That he was courageous, no one could doubt; and he looked merciful.

Hogan was a pleasant, good-natured adversary, whose present aim was to make a start,—and find a wife.

He met Miss Ruth's hobby with the careless assertion, "They *will* do it."

"What are you about, that you don't stop it?" she asked.

"I never get there in time," and his keen eyes snapped.

"Then arrest them afterwards," was her rather naive suggestion.

"Can't find out who they are," he smilingly answered.

"But," continued she, persistently, "granting their purpose a just one, they might, by a dreadful mistake, hang an innocent man."

"No danger of that," he answered confidently, "they know."

"Well, I do not believe in mob law," she exclaimed, with intense disgust.

"But the boys do." And he laughed as if he rather admired the boys.

Not to be turned from her purpose by his smiling answers, she said pointedly, "Sir, it is your duty to stop these unlawful acts."

"Can't do it, Miss Hunter." And he laughed again, as if mobs and ropes were the most cheerful subjects on earth.

After a moment's pause, he added more thoughtfully, "I am sorry you heard

about this, since it seems to worry you. I reckon you are not used to it, but we are."

"Used to it! Certainly not. The South has always been called hot-blooded, but I was born and reared among magnolia blooms, and I never saw a mob-tree, nor heard of its horrors. No, indeed, I am not used to it."

"You were born in the South?" he asked.

"Yes," in southern Mississippi; and have lived half my life in New Orleans. I must go back," she said, suddenly. And into her eyes crept the tender longing, born only of a homesick soul. The magnolia and orange blossoms of her youth, the scent of the olive, were hers once more.

From that moment her enthusiasm ebbed. Her pebble had barely made a ripple. She lost courage and grew morbid, her strength not being equal to her task.

When a sworn officer, a gentle Christian woman, and a minister of the Gospel discuss bloody deeds so lightly, it argues the entire community guilty. Her brother had stated the truth, in homely Saxon: "It is a mob-law State." The politics and piety of Bourbonville were strong enough to bear the weight of grewsome, midnight deeds, undaunted.

Hitherto, Miss Ruth had supposed the border states less liable to acts of vio-

lence than her own beloved, hot-blooded South; but her views changed, and after making what her brother called a private stump speech, she concluded to follow his advice and let the world take care of itself.

"It will require a good many elbow touches to help these people," was her secret conclusion as she drew within her shell, and began anew her work of study and health-getting, avoiding walks or drives that led in the direction of the maple trees.

She thus found a scant measure of content; but occasionally, as if in warning, came the words, "We first endure, then pity, then embrace." And once, taking herself to task solemnly, she said, "I am getting like them."

There seemed no probability that the community would ever arouse itself enough to do either good or evil. The day of crime was evidently passed. A law-abiding spirit seemed brooding over the town, and it was formal, proper and staid as the hills around it. In fact, the Hunters had known it in no other light, and they imagined the evil had spent its force. They began to be contented, in a way. They made the most of life, as people do at their ages, who are fond of books and music and pictures.

But a day came when all this was changed.

OCTOBER.

I AM not saddened when I see
These yellow leaves that fall in showers,
Nor do I mourn the withered flowers,
Nor sigh beneath the barest tree.

I rather mourn the leaves that die
In summer, when the boisterous wrath
Of rough winds strew them in the path,
Where like untimely dead they lie.

I care not that life's lease be long;
But I could wish my heart to beat
Until my work is all complete,
And I have sung my richest song.

Ellis Parker Butler.

MISS WILSON'S OUTING.

BY MARGUERITE LEE.

I.

AT FOUR o'clock on a warm afternoon in May, the bell rang for the dismissal of the Mayfield public schools, and, a moment later, Miss Wilson stood at the door of one of the grammar rooms watching her pupils file out.

Miss Wilson was not herself that afternoon and the pupils knew it. When Jimmie Smith pricked Tommy Davis with a pin—walking close behind his victim with a look of solemn, exaggerated innocence—the wriggle and squeal which followed failed to bring forth the expected reproof. Miss Wilson's scornful indifference to the whole affair rather took the bloom off Jimmie's enjoyment.

After the last boy had passed out of sight with clatter and yell, Miss Wilson returned to her desk and took from the drawer her class-book and writing materials; for what purpose it did not at once appear, for after ten or fifteen minutes of silence, broken only by the ticking of the eight-day clock, her only accomplishment was a series of meaningless crosses and scrolls upon a piece of blank paper.

How long her meditations would have lasted it is difficult to say, had not the janitor entered and, with a suggestive rattle of brooms and sprinkling-cans, brought Miss Wilson back to earth so successfully that she immediately arose, replaced her writing materials and, retreating to the wardrobe, donned hat and gloves and left the building.

It was Miss Wilson's twenty-ninth birthday. She had awakened to the fact with a shock that morning. The shock had been sharpened by a dream she had had during the night. She had dreamed that instead of being twenty-nine she was nineteen, and that she had a lover. In this dream she was not troubled about her father's rheumatism nor the threadbare parlor carpet. It had nothing to do

with the price of fuel nor with "made-over" dresses. There was none of the pathetic struggle, the pitiful, never-ending self-denials which attach themselves to genteel poverty. There was youth, hope, a lover, and therefore happiness. In the dream this lover took the form of a youth whom Miss Wilson had known years before, when both were school-children.

In those days she had not looked upon him as a lover, even in a childish way; indeed he had not given her reason for doing so. He was only one of the Mayfield boys who went to school with Frances Wilson, and who thought of her in no other way than as a school-mate; but as Miss Wilson saw him through the mists of sleep, he became invested with a dignity of manhood and with many a charm which had not belonged to him in actual life. He had left Mayfield fully ten years before the night Miss Wilson saw him in her dream. In all that time it is not probable that she had given him one hour of thought.

She awakened with all the details of the dream quite clear in her mind. She could feel his arms about her and his lips upon hers so plainly that she blushed furiously in the privacy of her own bed-chamber.

On going down to breakfast she had an almost uncontrollable desire to learn, if possible, his whereabouts; to at least speak of him to her mother and father; but she could not. She felt herself tongue-tied with the sort of embarrassment which might have taken possession of a maiden with a newly acquired fiancé.

The dream clung to her most persistently all day long. She could not rid herself of it. It influenced everything she did. It was with her when she left the school-building and walked slowly home in the still May sunshine.

All along the quiet street, clumps of plum-trees in the gardens were shrouded in the delicate white mist of their own blossoms. The air was heavy with their perfume and drowsy with the hum of bees. The dainty, frail little leaves of the maples cast fitful, uncertain shadows upon the sidewalks, and there was an odor of fresh earth, for the people had begun to "make garden."

Miss Wilson had not walked many blocks before she noted, just before her, one of the high-school girls, loitering homeward with her jacket swinging in her hand; beside her a youth, who carried her books, and who gave her many an admiring glance as they gaily chattered nonsense. For perhaps the first time in her life Miss Wilson felt that she could sympathize with a pair of lovers. How handsome the boy was, the childish color still glowing in his cheeks! And when his hearty laugh rang out from behind two rows of even white teeth, Miss Wilson found herself smiling in sympathy.

It was only when the pair turned a corner and passed out of sight that she came out of her fool's paradise, and remembered that her own lover existed only in dreams, and that she was twenty-nine years old that day. A faint blush of something like shame crept up into her pale face as she realized how surprised, and probably amused, the two school-children would be could they have known her thoughts. They no doubt looked upon a woman of twenty-nine as having long before passed the age of lovers. They could not have realized how they themselves could ever reach the same stage in life's journey. It was so very far away,—so remote indeed that it was not worth considering.

She went to her room immediately after supper that evening. "Be you sick, Fanny?" her mother inquired as she took up her lamp.

"No," she answered, "only tired."

At the top of the stairs she stopped to look out of the open window on the little landing. The air outside was soft and

humid, with an odor of smoke in it from distant bonfires. From out the dusky stillness there arose the sound of children's voices shouting at their play. It served to remind her vividly of her own childhood and youth, which was so far spent, and which had contained so little that was bright and so much that was monotonous and colorless.

On reaching her chamber she placed the light upon the old-fashioned bureau, in front of the mirror, and, standing before it, looked long and carefully at the reflection. She saw a face which was somewhat thin, the expression telling of physical weariness,—a face which was not particularly striking in any way. The hair was a medium shade of brown. The gray eyes were good, but dark circles beneath told of weary hours in the school-room. The shoulders had a pathetic droop and the figure was too slight to be beautiful.

"No," thought Miss Wilson, as she gazed critically at the woman in the glass, "if I were a man I should not be attracted by such a face. I am commonplace in every way. Oh! why couldn't I have had something?" she asked herself. "If not wealth, then talent or beauty?"

She set her teeth angrily, as she saw the tears fill her eyes and roll down her pale cheeks. Her heart ached with self-pity as she turned impatiently away from the picture in the glass and went to bed. Not to sleep, however, for long before daylight she had made her plans. She would give herself, as far as possible, the opportunity which had been denied her all her life. The shabby little old house should go unpainted for another year—or more if need be. The fence with its many missing pickets should remain as it was; and the parlor carpet might be patched. The barren little farm just out of town would suffice to keep her parents from want, for they were not ambitious people. All the ambition which John Wilson and his wife had ever possessed had been ground down and worn out by long days of toil, while paying for the

little patch of earth which, in their old age, brought them so ungrateful a return.

These obstacles disposed of, Miss Wilson arranged her affairs with hurried, joyful excitement.

Weeks before she had heard her fellow teachers and their superintendent discussing the meeting of an educational body which was to occur in London during the following summer months. A "Teachers' Excursion" was announced for that time, and the superintendent and his wife were going. Day after day she had heard the other teachers clamorously wishing they might go. She had heard ways and means discussed, but had taken no part in the conversation. She had not even dared to wish to go; but now, as she lay in her dark bed-room, with sleepless, wide-open eyes, she wondered, almost tremblingly, how she could have thought of allowing such an opportunity to escape her. She tried to recall all she had heard of steamers, sailing days, fares and hotel-bills, and made her plans accordingly. She felt sure Professor Morris and his wife would gladly offer her their protection, when she told them of her determination to take this pleasure trip. A pleasure trip! Her thoughts dwelt upon the expression, it was so new, so full of excitement for her.

All her wages so carefully hoarded in view of the needed repairs should be spent upon herself, and spent lavishly—extravagantly! She would for once in her life have becoming dresses, becomingly made. She would have dainty little trappings which other ladies wear, and which cost so much more than apparently they should. She promised herself that she would take her six weeks of pleasure recklessly. She would not listen to anything an over-tender conscience might have to say. And after this—she insisted on believing she would return and again take up with the routine of school life. But away down in Miss Wilson's heart there lurked a tiny, formless idea, a mere shadowy, frightened hope, which dared not show itself even

to her, that she should meet someone, who, never having seen her shabby and worried and tired, and who, seeing her for the first time possessed of the ease and grace which contentment and good clothes bestow, would admire her—would fall in love with her.

The day following was Saturday, and she was at liberty for the day. She came down to breakfast with her mind filled with her plans.

"Mother," she began, "I've been thinking I should like to go away somewhere this summer."

Mrs. Wilson stopped pouring coffee and looked up in such surprise that her daughter blushed slightly, and hesitated in an embarrassed way, as though she had proposed something wrong.

"I've never taken any real vacation, and I should like to go over to London on the teachers' excursion, with Professor and Mrs. Morris; and if you think the house could go unpainted another year—"

"Oh," answered her mother, "don't let that stop you; I want you should use your own money as you please. Me and father'll get along, but I'm afraid, Fanny, it will cost an awful lot o' money."

"Yes, I know it will, mother; but I shall only be gone five or six weeks. I have never indulged in anything of the kind, and I should like to know for once what it is to gratify oneself."

"Well, Fanny, if you think you would enjoy spending your money that way—" She hesitated and shook her head dubiously, and Fanny detected a disapproving ring in her voice, but for once her wishes did not immediately fall in with her mother's. She was determined to indulge in this bit of wild extravagance which had been suggested to her by a dream.

Immediately after breakfast she dressed to go out and, as she passed through the room where her mother was, she stopped in answer to an inquiring look and said, "If I go away this summer I shall need some new dresses; I am going to see Miss Spink about them."

"Miss Spink! why, Frances, don't you know she's the most expensive dressmaker in town?"

Miss Wilson blushed again. "But she does the best work, mother."

"Well, maybe she does, but seems t' me them Smith girls that do plain sewin' would be likely to work cheaper."

"Perhaps so, but I intend to have my work done well, for once, let it cost what it may." And Miss Wilson stepped out with a determined air quite new to her.

Mrs. Wilson looked after her daughter in surprise. "Well, upon my word!" she thought, "I never see Fanny so set in her way in all her life before. 'Taint like her to be so wasteful, neither."

Upon arriving at Miss Spink's dress-making rooms, Miss Wilson was obliged to introduce herself to that most important person; for heretofore Mayfield's fashionable dressmaker had not had occasion to know Frances Wilson, the school-teacher. During the morning samples were inspected; styles, lengths and breadths were discussed, and materials chosen with a luxurious abandon as to prices which charmed Miss Spink.

The next few weeks were busy ones for Miss Wilson. The Morrises were pleased to learn that she was to accompany them, though they failed to conceal their surprise when she made known her plans. When the last day of the school year arrived, she unconsciously bade farewell to the familiar room with its long rows of brown desks and little chairs. She was possessed of a vague, unacknowledged feeling that her reign in that place was over, and when her fellow teachers talked together of their return at the end of the vacation, she found herself uninterested and unable to take any part in the conversation.

At last there came a day early in June when Miss Wilson and her friends were ready to start.

The new dresses had been packed and sent to the depot; and Frances Wilson herself stood upon the smooth, hard path between the door and the gate, bidding her

mother good-bye. Seeing her about to depart, her father came round the house from the beds of radishes and lettuce he had been weeding,—a stooped, pathetic little figure, upon which the shabby old clothes hung loosely. Just below the knee the faded trousers showed an awkward bulge, which marked the termination of the stiff, clumsy boot-leg. His hands were rough and warped with toil and he walked in a heavy, laborious way, which gave him the appearance of continuously crossing plowed fields. As his eyes fell upon the stylishly dressed woman before him, a smile of satisfied admiration crossed his features.

"Goin', be yuh, Fan?" he asked. "Well, you wont find no fashionabler dressed girl over in London 'n you be yourself, now mind yuh, I tell yuh." He walked around her and viewed the pretty traveling dress with critical eyes.

"I'll betch'uh now 'at that dress cost more'n all my clo's hes for three year." He chuckled with wonder and admiration at his daughter's bold extravagance; but the remark rankled in Miss Wilson's mind afterwards. "Hedn't I better go with yuh and buy your railroad ticket fer yuh, Fan?" he asked with sudden seriousness, as if the difficulty of the transaction had but just occurred to him.

"Oh, no, thank you, father, not unless you wish to go; I think I can manage it myself."

"Well, I d'know, Fan; you see you haint traveled as much's I have." His assumption of importance, so strangely at variance with his actual, simple ignorance of the world and its ways, was pitifully funny. "An' be careful 'bout gettin' your trunk checked," he called after her with tender solicitude as she walked away down the, quiet light and shadow flecked street. Now and then a friend or neighbor called "good-bye" to her as she passed the open doors.

Some half-hour later she found herself, with Professor Morris and his wife, seated upon the hard-stuffed cushions of the railway coach, gazing through the open window at the flying landscape.

The following evening the three arrived in New York City in time for a night's rest before sailing.

As Miss Wilson stood at her window and looked out upon the endless roofs, chimneys and brick walls, upon miles of streets and thousands of twinkling lights, she experienced a brief pang of homesickness. It did not reappear, however, the next day when all was bustle and excitement in the city streets, and she and her companions stood in the great bare room in the docks looking on at the frantic hurry of the sailors as they made ready for leaving at the appointed hour.

II.

A few days later the great steamer was far out upon the Atlantic. It was a somber, gray day,—indeed all the world seemed gray. There was a rough sea and, as far as the eye could reach, the water rose into innumerable billows which swelled and burst, and the spiteful wind switched their tops into spray and dashed it off contemptuously. A few ladies, wrapped in rugs and shawls, sat on deck under the canvas awning. Most of them were cold and miserable, but dreaded the warm, oily odor which greeted their fastidious nostrils upon going below.

Mrs. Morris sat in a steamer chair, absently watching the "weary waste of waters" alternately rise and disappear over the swaying line of the vessel's side. Her husband lounged beside her, carelessly figuring up the runs the steamer had made each day, and calculating how many more days it would probably take her to sight land. He cheerfully announced the result to his wife, failing, however, to impart to her any of his light-heartedness, for she looked at him in amazement, and answered dolefully, "O! surely it can't be so long,—try again."

"Our friends over there don't find the trip wearisome," said Morris, nodding toward a couple who stood in the shelter of one of the small boats. His wife's glance followed his and rested thoughtfully upon the forms of Frances Wilson and a handsome, well-dressed man of

thirty. She was standing with her folded arms resting upon the side of the vessel. He stood with his back toward the water, leaning upon his elbows thrust out behind him. As he talked to her he seemed to compel her to look up at him occasionally, and he looked down at her with an expression which Morris, as he calmly studied them from a distance, described to himself as "affectionate."

"She has been interested in him from the first moment she saw him," began Mrs. Morris. "She says she had a dream about an old playmate of hers sometime before we left home,—she did not say what it was,—but it made a deep impression upon her, and this man so strongly resembles her friend of the dream that he claimed her attention on that account."

"I rather think he claims it upon his own, now," answered her husband, dryly.

"Well, he is certainly attractive. The first time we saw him was the evening we came on deck, after those first two awful days. A group of the passengers sat together singing, and he stood at a little distance from them, smoking and looking on with an air which was part interest and part indifference. He was purely unconscious, and he was certainly—well picturesque."

"Probably she never had an admirer before."

"Oh, John!" said Mrs. Morris, looking at him reproachfully, as if he were ruthlessly trying to deprive Miss Wilson of food and raiment.

"Well, she is not striking. She's a nice girl and all that, but she's—she's—commonplace," he concluded, unconsciously describing Miss Wilson exactly as she had described herself.

The weather grew more chilly and disagreeable as twilight drew on, and no one returned to the deck after tea. Miss Wilson went to her berth at bedtime strangely happy. She did not question herself in regard to it. Many of the passengers experienced a depression of spirits, as they caught hurried glimpses through the ports of the black and cheer-

less twilight decending upon the lonesome, endless reach of waters. But she was in better spirits than she had ever been. She felt that she had never in all her life been so happy. She and Hartwell had spent the evening together in the saloon. She had brought out a paper which she and Mrs. Morris had drawn up together. It contained a list of places and objects of interest which they intended to see together, while Mr. Morris was busy attending his educational meetings. They had allotted a certain length of time to each place and opposite was the date. Hartwell had taken out his note-book and playfully copied the list. This act on his part Miss Wilson would have found to be the reason of her mysterious happiness had she sifted the sensation down to find its cause. It gave her reason to believe that he intended to make their plans his own.

The second day after this there was a hurried and early rising on the part of many of the passengers, more particularly the younger ones. Some one more wakeful than the others had set abroad the report that the coast of Ireland was in sight and there was a scramble to see it, as if it might be in the habit of floating away at sunrise. The older ones followed more slowly; and for some hours a swarm of passengers, young and old, pressed eagerly against the ship's side, watching the bare, bleak coast, the furze-clad hills, the tiny Irish villages, and the barren farms cut up into fields so small that they looked from a distance like patch-work quilts. As the steamer entered the bay at Queenstown an officious little steam tug rushed out to meet her, and, during the transferring of the Irish passengers, glasses were leveled at the quaint, hilly old town clustering about its beautiful cathedral,—and in an hour the steamer was again on her way up the channel.

All day long Hartwell was at Miss Wilson's side, pointing out and remarking upon the queer foreign-looking coast guards, the frequent soldiers' camps, and now and then a deserted-looking old castle belonging probably to some English-

man who dared not so much as inquire into its condition—let alone live in it.

The following morning the steamer was lying in the Liverpool docks, and the passengers were crowded in the custom-house waiting for their baggage to be examined. The Morrises, Miss Wilson and Hartwell were among the first to get away, and were in time to take an early train out of Liverpool. All through the tedious crush in the waiting-room, the scramble into the baggage-room when the doors were opened, and during the hurried emptying and re-strapping of trunks, Hartwell, tactitly, and I may say tenderly, took charge of Miss Wilson. It was both novel and beautiful to her to be thus cared for. She had enjoyed a very small amount of such treatment since she could remember, and of late years she had assumed the burden of "managing" for her parents, as well as that of supporting herself and "keeping up appearances."

Hartwell bade his friends a cheerful farewell as they entered the carriage for London. He had taken down their London address, and his last words were to the effect that after he had attended to a little business which called him to Manchester, he would "be around." "Probably Wednesday," he added, as they moved away, leaving him standing on the platform, smiling after them.

III.

The Morrises and Miss Wilson arrived in London Saturday evening. Sunday and Monday were devoted to rest, and early in the day on Tuesday Mrs. Morris and Miss Wilson found their way to the famous old Abbey. The visit to Westminster on Tuesday was according to their written plans, and Miss Wilson could not help hoping that Hartwell might have been able to transact his business in Manchester in less time than he had anticipated, and though she dared not allow herself to expect to see him there, she could not help scanning the long line of sightseers, mostly Americans, who, guide-book in hand, entered the doors just before them. The newly-married were

there in full force, also the American college students taking their vacation.

It was past noon before Miss Wilson and Mrs. Morris found themselves as far away from the entrance as the south transept, where the usual crowd of admiring Americans surrounded the busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Thackeray, and the gray slab in the floor which marks the resting place of Charles Dickens. Not far away they found the bust of Longfellow, and beneath the marble lapel of the coat some wandering countryman had thrust a tiny silken banner—the "Stars and Stripes." The bit of color, resting amid the surrounding coldness of stone and marble, caught the eyes of every American who sauntered past.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon before Mrs. Morris remarked to Miss Wilson upon her sudden realization of weariness and hunger. As they emerged into the bold glare and clattering hurry of the street both had a curious sense of having just awakened from a kaleidoscopic dream in which such characters as Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, Henry VII, and Edward the Confessor, figured in a vague and confused manner. The never-ceasing tramp of pedestrians and rattle of omnibuses across Trafalgar Square broke upon them rudely.

The following day was Wednesday,—the day Miss Wilson had looked forward to ever since she had smiled a farewell to Hartwell at the Liverpool station. She glanced wistfully about the long sitting room as she entered it to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Morris to come down to breakfast. Though her reason told her it was foolish to expect him so early, she could not help her longing to see him. He had not appeared when she and Mrs. Morris stood upon the pavement, scanning the passing omnibuses for the one which should take them to the "Tower." It was comforting to recall Hartwell's playful copying of the program she had shown him. She could not shake off her longing to see him even when the Tower was reached. She professed, and indeed

felt, an interest in the sad old place, but could not bring herself to take an active part in Mrs. Morris' extravagant delight at every fresh discovery.

"Here! Frances, here!" cried Mrs. Morris, catching Miss Wilson by the arm and hastening her forward toward a tiny brick-paved square near the center of the "Tower Hill." "Here is the very spot where Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, and Anne Boleyn, also," she continued, reading aloud from the guide-book. "'Also Queen Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII.' Think of it, Frances Wilson! No doubt we are at this moment standing on the very spot where they actually stood a few moments before the execution. Poor Anne Boleyn," she added softly, her eyes filling with tears. She glanced up at her companion in search of sympathy, but found her carefully scanning a group of young men, apparently tourists.

"You—you don't seem to be interested," she said in reproachful surprise.

"Oh, indeed! Mrs. Morris, I am," answered Miss Wilson, transferring her attention to Mrs. Morris in guilty haste. "I have always thought Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn among the most pathetic characters in history, but I—I—thought one of those gentlemen looked familiar to me. I was mistaken, however. They are strangers."

For some time after this she took care to make her interest apparent, and even shared her friend's raptures over the gorgeous display in the jewel room. But it was in the "armory" where Miss Wilson was most willing to linger. She acknowledged to herself that it was there most of all that she believed she would meet Hartwell. She thought that the guns, swords, and implements of warfare generally, would be most apt to attract a man. But her spirits sank when they left it half an hour later without having seen him.

That evening as the two ladies and Professor Morris sat at tea, the professor happened to remember for the first time what Miss Wilson had been thinking of all day. "Why! to-day is the day Hart-

well ought to be with us." He looked up and discharged the remark at them with an eager generosity, as though he had a right to lay claim to this discovery but was willing to share it with them.

But a mere glance at Miss Wilson's face told him that the thought was not a new one to her. A faint, unreasonable flush crept into her face as she heard Hartwell's name mentioned.

Mrs. Morris, leaning back in her chair, slowly conveying to her mouth little crumbs of potted beef upon her fork, lazily remarked, "It is Wednesday, isn't it!"

Miss Wilson felt a little thrill of anger at Mrs. Morris' apparent lack of interest. It seemed to her impossible that, having once known that this was the day he was to come, they could have lost sight of the fact for a moment.

The following day the ladies spent in the British Museum, and among the shops in search of little gifts for friends at home. In their turn came the Kensington Museum, the Greenwich Hospital, the National Gallery, Regent's Park and the animals, and other objects which are year after year regularly and religiously visited by the American tourist.

One afternoon they spent in Hyde Park, having been told that the Prince of Wales would drive there that day. While they waited for the appearance of the royal carriage they wandered up and down the Serpentine Drive, looked at the gorgeous, conventional flower-beds, and occasionally rested upon the benches.

As the time drew near for the Prince and Princess to appear, the drives were filled with handsome equipages and magnificent, high-stepping horses. Men and women of all classes crowded the seats and walks. At last an uneasy movement and a gentle surging of the crowd toward the edge of the drive told the ladies that the expected party was approaching, and Mrs. Morris excitedly hurried Miss Wilson to a good position.

The profile of the Prince, with his carefully trimmed gray beard, was familiar to many of those who looked upon him that

day, as was also the sweet face of the gentle and much-loved Princess; but the sight was a novel one to the Americans. Mrs. Morris gazed silently until she could no longer see, and then turned away with a gentle sigh of satisfaction.

As the crowd surged and swayed from side to side in its effort to disentangle itself after the first few moments of intense stillness while the royal carriage was passing, the two ladies became separated. When they caught sight of each other again Mrs. Morris showed signs of excitement. "Did you see him?" she cried, while she was still some distance away.

"Who? the Prince? Why, of course."

"No, no, I mean Mr. Hartwell. He was on the other side of the walk, just opposite us. I waved my umbrella, but he didn't see me. You must have seen him."

"No, I didn't see him."

Mrs. Morris glanced at her in surprise at the indifferent answer. How could she know of the sudden, tumultuous beating of the heart, the wild desire to run after him, the agony of having been so near him without having looked into his eyes or heard his voice. She wanted to demand of Mrs. Morris why she had not succeeded in attracting him in some way—no matter how. But instead, she only walked silently beside her, trying not to show that she was trembling. At last she made a hurried, desperate attempt to frame a commonplace remark; to speak of him as she would of an ordinary acquaintance. The old childish bashfulness had taken possession of her, and she turned her burning face away from Mrs. Morris and gazed intently and unseeingly into a shop window as she began, "Do you think he—Mr. Hartwell—he will no doubt call upon us at the hotel."

"I suppose so.—What *are* you looking at?" For the first time Miss Wilson realized that she was gazing at a window full of men's hats and caps. "There! isn't *that* lovely?" added Mrs. Morris, as they moved on to the next shop window, —this time a display of gloves and fans.

The following day—their last in London—dawned gray and sullen. While Miss Wilson was still in her room, a few heavy, elongated drops hung themselves in slant lines against the window, and by the time she joined Professor and Mrs. Morris in the dining-room it was raining steadily. During breakfast the three tried to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion in regard to attending a morning service at St. Paul's. Mr. Morris thought it wise to remain indoors, and his wife declared she positively would not return to America without being able to say she had attended a service at St. Paul's.

"I know I should entertain a supreme contempt for anyone who could visit London and leave without attending at least a week-day service there," she insisted.

"That settles it,—we go," announced the Professor, solemnly. A hansom was called, and the three crushed into it and were jolted up to the great cathedral. The service had not begun and they proceeded to the gallery and were "whispered to," after which Mrs. Morris again expressed an aversion to returning to her native land without having done those things which she ought to have done, and insisted upon being taken up into the ball on the spire.

While she and her husband were attending to this important matter, Miss Wilson descended alone to the audience-room and found the service just beginning. She sank into one of the seats apart from the kneeling congregation, and listened to the chants and responses of the beautiful, solemn service. She listened at first with a quiet interest, and later with a vague sadness and depression of spirits. At last the low hum of voices faded into a dreamy murmur, and she realized nothing but a strange wonder at her own presence there. She was perfectly frank with herself for the first time since the morning of her twenty-ninth birthday, when she had awakened from her dream in which her old schoolmate had figured so prominently. She acknowledged that she had been so deeply under the spell of this dream that through

its influence she had come thousands of miles from home; had spent extravagantly—it was extravagant for her, poor girl—her hard-earned savings, and had ended by falling in love with a man who was not in love with her, it seemed, since he was in the same locality and had not sought her presence.

For the first time she realized that she had confused the two men—the one of whom she had dreamed and the one in actual life. Even now she could scarcely separate them. It seemed to her that she had been living in this dream for months; that, indeed, she was but now awaking from it. Suddenly there arose in her all her old protecting love for her simple, unambitious parents, all her old affection for her home, shabby though it was, for sleepy old Mayfield. She could see it now. The grass on the sides of the streets was white with the summer's dust. Elderly men, prosperous and contented, swung in hammocks and read the papers, or played at gardening. Companies of happy, squabbling boys passed down the street on their way to the ball-grounds. A tender, slumbrous stillness rested over everything. The whirr of a lawn-mower could be heard blocks away. Her mother sat sewing in the little shadowy sitting-room; beneath the open window grew great clumps of four-o'clocks and mignonette. The sweet south wind drifted in, heavy with their exquisite, languorous odor. Beyond the town the clover-blossoms lay thick upon the meadows, and along the roadsides the goldenrod hung "heavy with sunshine."

While she was in the midst of this strange reverie, this cruel self-examination, the choir began an anthem. Gradually the organ filled all the space with harmony, and out of the hush which followed there arose one exquisite voice—a boy's voice, pathetic and tender. And then without a jar, almost without a beginning, the whole choir was singing, too; a great and glorious sound which at the end melted into silence,—drifted away out of hearing among the arches and vaulted ceilings.

When the people rose from their seats and began moving about, she rose also in a sort of bewilderment. It seemed to her that for the first time in many weeks she was herself. She experienced a strange desire to live the last few weeks over again; to see once more what she had seen, this time with her own eyes.

IV.

It was more than two weeks later. Professor Morris and his wife and Miss Wilson had left behind them London, with its smoke and noise and conglomeration of poverty and wealth. They were making their way slowly back to Liverpool. One day they had driven out from the village of Kenilworth to the ruins of the castle. They had faithfully studied their guide-books and found, as therein described, the "Cæsar Tower," the "Banquet Hall," the "Tilting Yard," etc. Mrs. Morris had gathered a bunch of daisies and had carefully labeled it "From Kenilworth Castle," in order to distinguish it from the bunch "From Windsor Castle."

The sun was low in the west, and the beautiful stillness of approaching evening rested upon the ivy-covered walls and daisy-dotted fields. Miss Wilson had left her companions below and, as she ascended the narrow, winding, much-worn steps leading to the Myrvin Tower, a carriage full of American tourists drove up to the gate of the castle grounds and discharged its occupants. They were of that sort who make a business of "doing" Europe, and evidently they considered the old castle worthy of but a short space of time, since but a few hours of daylight remained to them.

Miss Wilson heard them come up from the gate, chattering and laughing. A little later she heard a sudden exclamation from Mrs. Morris, who stood with her husband in the yard below. It was followed by a clatter of greetings, and she easily recognized Hartwell's voice. In the silence which followed she heard him introduce "my wife" and "my wife's mother," and one or two friends. She heard him proceed to explain that his

wife and her mother had been traveling in Europe for some months, and that he had met them in Manchester on the day after reaching Liverpool, and the wedding had taken place a few days later. She heard Morris chaff him about his "business in Manchester," of which he had spoken at the Liverpool station. Miss Wilson listened with a feeling which was mostly indifference, as though it were a matter which could not greatly concern her. At the same time she was conscious of a thankfulness that the little incident which was unimportant to her now had not occurred before her awakening. She went down among them soon, and was also presented to the new Mrs. Hartwell. She listened to her as she explained to her new acquaintances that her party had "gotten through with" so much more than they had expected, and how fortunate they should consider themselves if they could only "finish" the castle before dark that evening.

After their return to the inn in the village that evening, Miss Wilson was able to discuss the late wedding and the bride with a coolness bordering on indifference. She could not help feeling the surprise which her friends tried not to show. She knew that they made it a matter of conversation in private, as indeed they did,—Mrs. Morris insisting that the little school-teacher loved Hartwell desperately, but was hiding a breaking heart beneath a cold exterior; and her more practical husband arguing that this was not the case, since so ordinary a woman could not be so good an actress.

V.

It was toward the last of September when the three reached home,—just in time for the opening of school. They arrived in Mayfield very early in the morning. The sun was scarcely risen. Miss Wilson gave her checks to an expressman and walked home through the quiet, familiar streets, glad to breathe the sweet, clear air. The spider-webs upon the lawns were wet with dew, and the sun dropped his first slant rays upon them

and turned them into bits of silver lace. Most of the stores and shops looked queer and lonesome with their blinds drawn down and doors closed. In a few of them, boys were whistling loudly and sweeping out piles of empty boxes and bits of paper. A dapper clerk in a ready-made-clothing store was "opening up." A row of dressed-up wire dummies stood just inside the door, where they had been deposited hurriedly the night before. They had very pink faces, very black mustaches and big, surprised eyes. The clerk grasped them rudely by the necks, as if he had some grudge against them, and jerked and tumbled them out upon the sidewalk, to stand all day and show themselves and stare vacantly at the passers-by.

Looking up and down the streets Miss Wilson could see the meadows lying close to town. They were draped in a faint pearly mist, which the sun was rapidly dispelling. From a few kitchen chimneys the lazy smoke curled upward. It looked white and clean in the rising sun. A wagon coming early into town had an empty, hollow-sounding rumble. The beautiful melancholy of autumn, which so swiftly follows the perfection of

summer, had begun, and little piles of yellow leaves had drifted under the edges of the sidewalks and against the picket fences.

As Miss Wilson passed the school, she remembered that a few short months before she had believed, had almost wished, she might never enter those familiar doors again. It gave her a faint sensation of homesickness now only to think of it.

At last she came in sight of her own home. It was not so well kept as its neighbors. The grass in front of the house was long and tangled, and looked untidy beside the closely-mown lawns on either side. The house, once white, was faded and rain-bleached, and one could easily imagine how forlorn a little habitation it might become upon a somber day. However, upon this bright morning it had almost a cheerful look. At least it presented to Miss Wilson an aspect which made it seem very dear to her. She caught a glimpse of her mother stirring about the kitchen, and the faint clatter of the breakfast dishes drifted out to her. As she turned in at the gate she began to calculate how soon her wages would allow her to paint the house and replace the fence with a new one.

AUTUMN.

NOW stands the rich Year in a fair array,
And with a free, an overflowing, hand
Lavishes blessings on the happy land,—
Fruitage of many a former arduous day.
Her springtime changeful garb of green and gray,
Seedtime's accoutrements, the summer band
That dived unceasingly at her command,—
All these, all effort has she put away.
By day, a mellow sun, soft-breathing airs,
A silence like sweet music in a swoon,
And ripened fruit hung o'er the orchard wall;
By night, the calm majestic harvest moon,
And joyous voices echoing unawares,—
All these proclaim the timely festival.

William Francis Barnard.

LIFE AMONG THE ALASKANS.

THE ALASKAN INDIANS AND THEIR CANOES—CANOE LIFE—ALASKAN CARVINGS IN STONE.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY.*

THE Alaska canoe is a unique means of navigation, unlike any other structure for the purpose in the world. There are two kinds of these canoes, one used in the far west of Alaska, called by the natives the *badarki*, and the other in the waters of the southeastern part of the territory, and made by excavating the craft from great cedar trees that grow in some parts of that country. The *badarki* is a skin boat in peculiar use among the Aleuts and Eskimo. It is made as follows: The northwestern coast of North America is strewn with driftwood; whence it comes no one knows. Much of this is wholly unfit for any use, but the natives find a good deal of it that can be utilized in making the frame-work of their *badarkis*, or skin boats. In addition to making the frames of wood thus secured, they frequently employ the larger bones of the various marine animals in that quarter for the same purpose. The boats are made of various lengths, depending upon the

number of persons they are intended to carry. Some of them, the smaller ones, have only one hole in the covering or deck; while the largest have three holes, in which the navigators or passengers can sit. A three-holed *bidarki* is about thirty feet long, fourteen inches deep in the hold, and twenty-four inches wide. The wooden or bone frame-work is skillfully lashed together with the sinews of animals, and the covering generally made of the untanned skin of the sea-lion, and other great sea animals of Bering Sea and the North Pacific coast. Formerly seal-skins were largely used for this purpose, but they are far too valuable now, as an article of commerce, to be used in that way. These skin boats of the greatest length have a capacity of several tons besides the crew, and will live in quite boisterous seas. The natives have been known to

*Colonel Keatley, now of the St. Paul Dispatch, late United States Judge of Alaska, began a series of four illustrated papers on Alaska in THE MIDLAND of June, 1894.



TREADWELL MILL, CHLORINATION WORKS, DOUGLAS ISLAND, ALASKA.

go several hundred miles to sea in these apparently frail craft; and much of the trading along the coast and in the great rivers of Alaska is carried on in this kind of craft.

The navigators and their vessel when at sea are practically one. The men, when in their boats, wear shirts made of various kinds of sea animals, which are entirely water-proof. The navigator rests on his knees in the bottom of the boat, the arms and upper part of the body appearing above the skin deck. The shirt, when the man is thus seated or kneeling, is closely gathered around the orifice in the deck and there fastened so as to prevent any rain or water from passing into the body of the craft. As it rains a great part of the time in that region, this is an important consideration to prevent rain or seawater from entering the *badarki* and causing it to become water-logged and unnavigable. The shirt also protects the Aleut mariner from inclement weather. He also wears a rimmed hat made of the same materials as the shirt, which bears the strongest possible resemblance to the ordinary sailor's "sou'-wester." Paddles, and not oars, are used for both propelling and steering the vessel. In capturing the sea-otter and other valuable sea animals for their fur, the natives use the *badarki* because of the swiftness with which they skim over the water. Formerly, sea-otters and all such marine animals were killed with the spear, which was thrown a great distance with the utmost skill, but since firearms have been introduced among otter hunters, the animals have become correspondingly timid and scarce.

The manner in which North America was originally peopled has been an interesting study for many years. It has been objected to the theory that the original inhabitants came from the east coast of Asia, that the aborigines possessed no craft that would live in the intervening seas. Anyone acquainted with the capability of one of these Aleut skin boats to endure rough weather at sea would soon dismiss this objection. It is not an un-

usual thing for Indian seal hunters, when intercepting the herds of fur seal when on their way to the seal islands in Bering Sea, to drift hundreds of miles out into the ocean, and afterward be picked up by passing steamships, or by whalers passing to and from the Arctic Ocean. Captain James Carroll, who was formerly the master of a Pacific Mail steamer between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, now the captain of one of the Pacific Coast Steamship's vessels plying between Puget Sound and Sitka, told me of having picked up two Aleuts, in their skin boat, who had drifted from their seal hunting grounds a distance of nearly five hundred miles west of San Francisco. Their food supply of seal meat had been exhausted for days, and their supply of fresh water was nearly gone; and though they had passed through several severe Pacific tempests, their vessel had received no appreciable injury.

I have already stated that the water craft used by the natives in Southeastern Alaska are totally different in structure from that used by the Eskimo, and by the Aleuts farther north and west; that they are constructed from large yellow cedar trees, formerly more abundant and more accessible near the coast than now. It is highly interesting to watch the making of one of these long, wide "dug-out" canoes. The Alaska natives, like all other savage people, take little note of the passage or value of time. Hence, it is of little moment to them whether it takes days, weeks or months to accomplish any definite purpose. Their patience, when engaged on one of their canoes, is incomparable. Before the advent of the Russians, the British and the American traders on the northwest coast, the natives were compelled to employ stone or obsidian tools to shape their canoes and point their weapons of war and of the chase. These have been discarded for the more desirable iron and steel implements which they readily procure, though the implements used in making their canoes are of the simplest character. They only use the

ax for felling the large cedar tree from which they propose to finally shape the canoe. This is then rolled from the side of the steep mountain, with great labor, through the dense underbrush and over many rocks, into the water of the adjoining inlet or strait, and is then towed, often many miles, to the village by the water-side, where it is proposed to complete the canoe. It frequently takes a month to fell the tree and get it to its proper place on the beach in front of the village. Frequently, too, after considerable work has been expended upon it, the tree is found so defective, in the interior, by rottenness, which could not be discovered earlier, that it has to be discarded for that purpose. When such a discovery is made, the native does not give vent to any expression of disappointment, much and keenly as he may feel it. He has no other choice than to begin his task all over again. After the log, about forty feet long, has been put in place ready to begin work, the native begins the shaping of its exterior with a small steel adze not much larger than a man's extended hand. He uses no lines, marks or tracings to show the points to which he desires to cut, directing his operations entirely by the eye and the deftness of his hand, and securing almost perfect accuracy in outline. After the exterior of the proposed canoe is finally dressed off, with this simple implement, the inside next engages his attention, the sides by these patient processes being generally reduced to a thickness of an inch and a quarter from stem to stern. The final touches in this delicate hewing are thus given the canoe, but it has not yet received its beautifully and symmetrically curved shape which they all present when finished. This is finally done by a curious and primitive process. The hollowed-out part of the new canoe is filled with water to the gunwales; the cavity is then carefully covered over with hemlock bark, or with old sail-cloth or blankets if they can be procured, and red-hot stones are cast into the water. This becoming hot softens the wood in the sides of the new canoe,

and they are steadily pressed outward, and in perfect outline, until at the middle or waist the vessel has a width of several feet more than the diameter of the original log from which it was shaped.

Curious figures, in the shape of griffins and other grotesque representations, are generally placed at the prow and in the stern, according to the taste and superstition of the owner. These are generally the totems of the village to which the canoe belongs, and are painted in bright colors, in contrast with that of the body of the canoe, which is invariably black.

Alaska canoes are divided into two general classes: the war canoe, which is much larger and more powerful than any other, and that used for ordinary purposes. War canoes are becoming more rare every year, not only on account of the difficulty of getting the largest sized trees from which to make them, but because of the general peace which has prevailed among the people of all the villages along the coast. Some of these war canoes, made from a single yellow cedar log, are capable of transporting from thirty to forty armed warriors, and are from sixty to eighty feet in length. A war canoe of the Haidah village, eighty feet long and about eight feet wide at the waist or middle, was among the Alaska exhibits at the Columbian Exposition. Another great war canoe sixty-four feet long, brought from the northwestern part of British Columbia, contiguous to our Alaskan boundary, is a part of the exhibit in the great museum of natural history near Central Park in New York City. It is weirdly embellished with all the ancient heraldry of the Indians of the North Pacific coast.

The best trees for this kind of canoe building in Alaska are found at Prince William's Island, north of Prince William's Sound, in the southern part of the Alexandrian Archipelago. The natives of that island pursue canoe building as quite a regular industry, finding a sale for their work among the Indians among the islands farther up the coast. A staunch canoe thirty or forty feet long will bring



ALASKAN WOMEN — MAKING BASKETS.

in the neighborhood of three or four hundred dollars.

Princess Tom, an Indian woman of the Sitka Indian village, who possesses considerable wealth in silver dollars, had a Prince William's Island canoe of great beauty, strength and swiftness, for which she paid over five hundred dollars. Formerly the dug-out canoe was propelled and steered wholly with broad paddles, but the natives in that quarter are becoming expert oarsmen, and are generally discarding the paddle for the oar in rowing, but still adhere to the paddle for steering purposes.

Beside making canoes for sale, the natives of Prince William and adjoining islands are engaged in a new and different industry. In many places in those islands a very black, smooth slate is found, that is soft and yielding as soapstone when first taken out. Formerly they used wood entirely in making totem and other carvings, and many of these were made with uncommon skill. Since the discovery of this pliable slate they have turned their attention to stone carving, and enjoy quite a good trade in curios made from it, which find their way into the hands of the Alaska tourists.

I have in my possession a large piece

of this slate from the center of which stands out in repoussé the figure of a native Indian. Facing him on each side are two enormous bears, threatening him, while at the extreme ends are two forms having the shape of griffins, evidently his totems attempting to rescue him from the clutches of the wild beast. This sample of native carving has certainly more elements of beauty and proportion in it than can be found in many of the remains of ancient Egyptian and Assyrian workmanship of a similar kind.

They also produce from the same stone many specimens of pottery that are marvels of grace and smoothness. While they have little sense of the value of time, they have learned from one source and another the approximate value of their efforts, and refuse to let anything go unless they are paid what an American would regard more than its full actual value. It is also so with the baskets they make for sale to tourists, or with the furs they gather for the general trade. In fact fur traders in that quarter are frequently compelled to pay far more to those Indians for furs than they are worth under the most favorable circumstances in San Francisco or any of the other markets below.

THE NEWS GATHERER.

By G. F. RINEHART.

WHEN the *Morning Tonic* is served with our breakfast and the *Evening Sedative* with our tea, we are in too much of a receptive mood to speculate on the probable expenditure of mental and physical energy required to cater to our demands so promptly and so well.

This is preëminently a reading and thinking age. People read to think and think to read and they find suggestions in passing events which set the complicated machinery of thought in motion. It has become a pleasure rather than a task for people to do their own thinking. They no longer feel the need of a mental pilot when they find that no two of these lucid and lucent individuals point out the same course. The tendency of the times, in a newspaper way, is illustrated by a newspaper joke.

It is said that the shortest editorial ever run in an American daily was that which appeared in a publication employing six public thinking machines to grind out six columns of editorial every day. The editorial was laconic and expressive. On July Fourth the publisher was thrilled by the commemorative fire-cracker and platform dance, and, desiring to place himself *en rapport* with the general exhilaration of the multitude, he wandered into the open doorway of a saloon. His six editorial athletes were drawn up in line at the bar. Indignant at the prospect, the publisher persisted in calling up the drinks in rapid succession, insinuating that a declination on the part of his men to respond would necessitate six temporary vacancies in his establishment. The result of the matter was summed up in an editorial next morning, by the only one of the six who was able to answer the call of the foreman for copy, in the simple statement, "Yesterday was the Fourth of July." The public, which had long suffered the stupidity of the editorial

page, complimented the publisher on his change of policy; and, being bright enough to grasp a suggestion and enterprising enough to use it, he made six good news men out of six poor editors, and is now spending his summers at Long Branch.

The day of the long, dry editorial is happily past. The public is clamorous for news. It is not so much interested in the learned dissertation on the Influence of the Chinese-Japanese War on Public Morals as in having the news of yesterday's and to-day's actual happenings. It wants the news in allopathic doses. When kept awake too long by the interesting narrative of the news man, it may hunt up an editorial as an effective soporific. As a result of this growing demand for news, the big-brained thought moulder has gravitated to the metropolitan daily.



HARRY E. LEASON,
City Editor of the *Courier*, Ottumwa, and President of the
Association of the City Editors of Iowa.



R. B. ARMSTRONG,
City Editor of the Evening News, Des Moines.

The news man may be small of stature but he is a large portion of the anatomy of a newspaper. If his work is well done, the remainder of the force has an easy task. Editorial can be abridged or wholly omitted and the public will take no notice of the fact; but when the news features are ignored, the whole constituency of readers are unanimous in protest. The prosperous and successful daily of to-day is the one which makes a specialty of news. Lucidity is necessary. Point and pith are virtues. Life is too brief to dissipate on an editorial or news article that goes from New York to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn.

With news valued at par, the news gatherer should be equally prized. A good news man should be more than a mere interrogation point juggling through newspaperdom in search of a temporary lodging place. He should extend his sphere of usefulness with his acquaintance and be able to incur the sacred responsibility of rearing a family without the Banquo's ghost of want making life a burden. Uncertainty is now the bane

of his existence. He cannot drop a dollar into the contribution box to-day for fear of needing it to-morrow. Publishers have a penchant for swapping horses. They want imported talent. As a result, a new face is often seen where an old one ought to be.

The news editor of the country daily must be familiar with local situations and conditions. He must know what news is, where and how to get it and how to serve it when he has it. He must be a man of breadth and judgment and yet the alert rider of a single hobby—news. As Frank Hatton is quoted as saying, "He must get the news,—get it honestly if he can, but —get the news."

Readers would be more charitable in their criticisms could they know the ingenuity and oftentimes intense labor required in securing news. The city editor or reporter starts out with the determination to secure the news at all hazards, and he usually succeeds. There is hardly any physical pain, any test of endurance, any mental strain or nervous tension that the news man would not undergo to se-



DAVID BRANT,
City Editor of the Evening Gazette, Cedar Rapids.



FRED H. WILCOX,
City Editor of the Ottumwa Democrat.

cure an important item. I have known him to lie in cramped positions, breathe stifling air, suffer with intolerable heat, endure scorching thirst and submit to a nervous strain where a sigh would be fatal to his object, when engaged in securing news of interest to the public.

I remember an aldermanic caucus in which public interest centered. People and reporters were forbidden. Doors, windows, transoms, keyholes and all recesses were completely obstructed, and jocose remarks were made that the blank reporters were at last outwitted. As an additional precaution, the members were sworn to secrecy. A stormy session followed. Members lost their tempers, made insinuations, called names, and when they at last adjourned there was an additional reason for keeping their proceedings secret—it was a disgraceful assembly. The morning paper gave a minute account of the meeting, names were given, remarks quoted and the hot words exchanged were given in detail. It was done by an ingenious reporter; but to this day every alderman secretly

suspects some other alderman of having betrayed the oath.

A "scoop" to the news man is his nectar and ambrosia. It is a delicious morsel to remove the bad taste of routine monotony. Every reporter has a legitimate ambition to get all the scoops he can on his contemporary and prevent the latter from getting scoops on him.

Every veteran news man has a history. Some of these private sketches are as thrilling as a realistic romance.

I recall an incident where a murder had been committed at a little station twenty miles from a city with two morning dailies between which a news rivalry was maintained at white heat. After dark the information of the fact reached both offices simultaneously. Both city editors detailed their best reporters on the assignment. The *Record* man caught a train. The *Tribune* reporter was delayed and was compelled to employ a livery team. When he arrived at the scene of the crime the *Record* man was just leaving to catch the return train. His task was completed. He glanced at the *Tri-*



C. D. REIMERS,
City Editor of the Daily Citizen, Centerville.



R. M. KENDRICK,
City Editor of the Gate City, Keokuk.

bune man in a supercilious way that implied, "You are too late; I have been there." It was a little exasperating to



D. R. CRAIG,
City Editor of the Daily Constitution-Democrat, Keokuk.

the late arrival, but, while tying his team in a clump of bushes near the house he stumbled over something out of the ordinary. He felt of it. It was a dead man! Here was a surprise. In the house a murdered woman, in the bushes a dead man, and the *Record* man gone! Nervous to the highest degree, the prospect of a great scoop made him cautious. He entered the house, completed his notes, secured from the assembled neighbors a description of the murderer and repaired to the bushes. Striking a match over the dead features, he found them to be those of the murderer. A ghastly hole in the temple, powder-burned, revolver in hand!



KIRK WATKINS,
City Editor of the Evening Journal, Burlington.

Murder and suicide! Double scare head for the *Tribune*, and but one for the *Record*!

Driving rapidly back to the city, his duty to the authorities formulated itself. Turning his team over to the liveryman, he looked at his watch. Three o'clock, and the last editions of both dailies must be on at five! The central telephone office was near and he hurried thither. Calling up the *Tribune* night editor he told him to hold off the forms at all events until he arrived. A half-hour was spent in searching for the coroner. Under promise of secrecy until morning, full details of his discovery were given that official. At four o'clock he was dashing

off copy, sheet after sheet, which the night editor was excitedly running over after him and rushing in to the waiting slugs. At five o'clock the forms for the last edition were on the press. At 5:15 the *Record* news room was rung up by the *Tribune*—once, twice, three times. No answer. The night force had retired and victory was won!

To give the position of the city editor a little more than a make-shift significance, an association of the city editors of Iowa was formed. Mr. Harry Lesan, of Ottumwa, was the originator, and is now president of the organization. Many city editors, knowing their tenure of position was merely a wager as to whether or

not they would make a blunder in a given time, felt their way timidly into the organization. A few declined altogether to join it. It has, however, a membership of thirty, and, from an educational and social standpoint, has held two very successful meetings.

Similar associations are under consideration in neighboring states. Editors and publishers who are far-sighted enough to see beyond their own locality, welcome an organization which healthfully stimulates the ambition, broadens the mind and levels the judgment of the men into whose hands they are compelled to place their one most important interest—that of getting and telling the news.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

XIII. THE BATTLE OF ALLATOONA DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO WAS WOUNDED IN THE FIRST CHARGE.

BY J. F. GRAW, E,
Of the Ninety-third Illinois Infantry.

"I AM short a cheek bone and one ear, but we can lick all hell yet."

This more expressive than elegant message of sixteen monosyllabic words was signaled from General Corse at Allatoona Pass to General Sherman at Kennesaw Mountain, thirty-one years ago. Chattanooga, Tunnel Hill, Snake Creek Gap, Buzzard's Roost, Allatoona, Kennesaw, Atlanta, and the mountains and valleys of North Georgia were in the possession of "Sherman's Bummers." The great march from Atlanta to the Sea had been planned. The gallant armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee were in the vicinity of Atlanta, with the exception of garrisons along the railroad. Preparations for that sweeping march through Georgia were in progress all along the line.

Allatoona Pass is situated on the railroad between Chattanooga and Atlanta—about eighty miles south of the former and thirty-five miles north of the latter. Two elevations rise higher than the rest of the

mountain, and the railroad passes through a deep cut between these two points.

Being a station that could be easily guarded, Sherman chose Allatoona as a depot for storing supplies for the march that was destined to startle the world. After the Union flag waved in triumph over Atlanta, the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, the Eighteenth Wisconsin Infantry, the Fourth Minnesota Infantry and the Ninety-third Illinois Infantry were detailed as a garrison for Allatoona, and the storing of hard-tack and "sow-belly" was commenced, and by the first of October, 1864, there were stored there two million rations, guarded by 890 men.

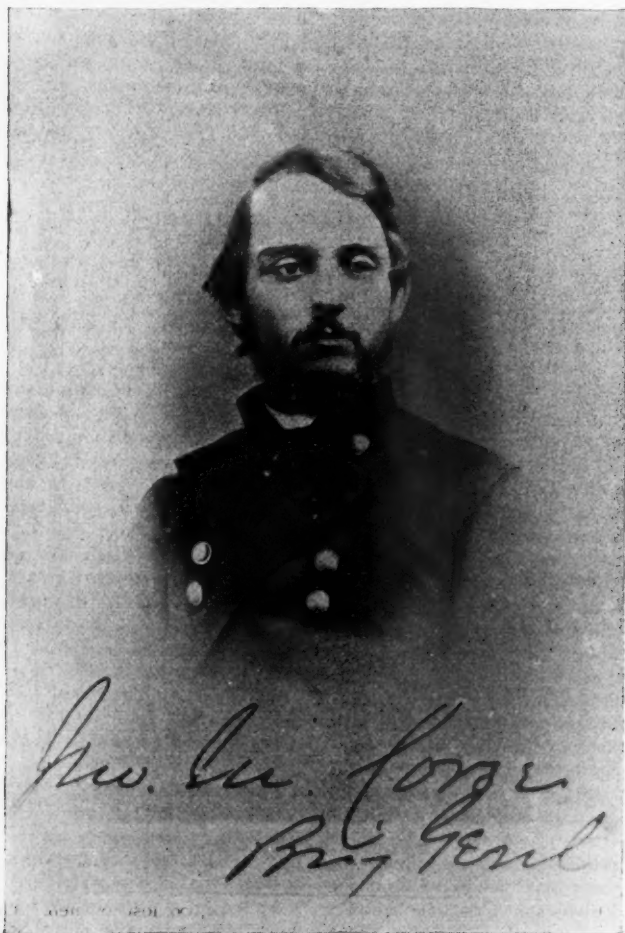
Up to this time, for about six weeks, we had a royal good time. But a threatening cloud was gathering for our little company. It was whispered that Hood had commenced what afterwards proved to be his fatal northward march.

On the 4th of October, French's division of the Confederate army had possession of the railroad north of Kennesaw

and was going for the millions of rations at Allatoona. "Things was working, sure 'nough."

Gen. John M. Corse, who was stationed at Rome, was ordered to reinforce the threatened post. Corse, with the Thirtieth Iowa, and some companies of the Twelfth, the Fifty-seventh and the Seventh Illinois, and a few detachments from other regiments, reached Allatoona by

rail at about 1 o'clock on the morning of October 5th. Another train-load of troops, which had left Rome a few minutes later, did not reach Allatoona, because the track was torn up by the Confederates, who had surrounded the garrison. The total defense now was 1,944 men. A few hours after Corse's arrival, French's troops were in line and opened a skirmish fire. By daylight



Loaned by Hon. Chas. Aldrich, Curator Historical Department of Iowa.

THE HERO OF ALLATOONA.

every man of the garrison realized that the post was surrounded by the Confederate army.

After some skirmishing and cannonading of about two hours' duration, French sent a note to General Corse, under a flag of truce, stating that he would give the garrison five minutes to surrender in order to save unnecessary effusion of blood. Without hesitating, the gallant Corse replied that he was ready for that unnecessary effusion as soon as his assailant chose to begin it. And soon there was music in the air!

Sherman was at Kenesaw and comprehended what was transpiring at his depot. The distance was too great to offer any hope of being able to render assistance before the struggle should be decided. From Kenesaw to Allatoona the signal flags, spelling their message in quiet defiance of hostile forces, waved from Sherman to Corse the words, few and simple but of thrilling import, which exhorted the garrison to hold out to the last. Quickly Corse's flags gave the brave reply, assuring Sherman that here was a garrison that would fight to the death for Allatoona.

In the charge by the Confederates on our skirmish line I was shot and fell into their hands. They took me back a few rods and laid me behind a fallen tree, where I was comparatively safe. I supposed our assailants had continued their charge and had taken our works, but when I raised my head and looked towards the fort I felt greatly relieved, because I saw that our flag was there.

The Confederates fell back a short distance, formed their line of battle, and with a yell, in which there was no music to my ears, they started on another charge. They got along famously until they reached the open space in front of our works, when our boys with their sixteen-shooters arose and greeted the line of gray with such a shower of minie balls that their enthusiasm was all taken out of them, and those who didn't bite the dust came to the rear in a manner

that was more satisfactory to me than the way they had gone to the front.

The firing had ceased, and I again ventured to raise my head and look towards the fort. I sank back with a satisfaction which language cannot describe, because I saw that our flag was still there.

But again and again during the day the Confederate lines surged madly up the hill, only to be as often hurled back by the intrepid garrison, standing as grim and immovable as the mountain itself.

Their last effort was the fiercest. They declared with oaths that this time they would "get the Yanks or die in the attempt."

"The rebel yell" came from a thousand throats. The cannonading and musketry made the mountain tremble. The unearthly, weird whizz of the minie balls, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, was painful and sickening.

The firing again ceased. The shattered remnants of French's proud command rushed wildly to the rear. It was evident that the battle was over. And when the smoke of burning powder had cleared away, I raised my head, my weary eyes looked toward the fort, and I thanked God that, although rent and riddled in the storm of battle until nothing remained but a few ragged streamers, *our flag was still there!*

Sherman was pacing to and fro in front of his headquarters on Kenesaw. His staff officers were using their field-glasses trying to make out whether the Union flag or the Confederate flag was waving over Allatoona. Some said it was the rebel flag; others thought it was the stars and stripes. To settle the question, Sherman signaled to Corse, asking:

"How is it with you now?"

Corse replied: "I am short a cheek bone and one ear, but we can lick all hell yet."

In this determined defense against overwhelming odds, the garrison, numbering less than 2,000, lost 707 men. The number in killed, wounded and missing on the Confederate side was equal to our

Adj. Genl. 4 Div, 15th A. C.
Allatoona Oct 5th - 1864
S. Ann.

To Officer Commanding
Independent Forces.

I have the honor of acknowledging
receipt of your communication forwarded by the several
of my force to avoid the useless effusion of
blood & respectfully urge that we are prepared
for the "useless effusion of blood" whenever it
is agreeable to you - Very respectfully - Geo. W. Connor.

Comd. 4 Div, 15th Corps - U. S. A

force when the "unnecessary effusion of blood" commenced, besides 800 muskets were left by the enemy upon the field.

When history shall have recorded facts impartially, it will be made to appear that for gallant, stubborn, brave, determined and deliberate fighting, that done by the garrison at Allatoona Pass on the 5th day of October, 1864, stands the peer of any. Others have done as well, but none have ever done better. The work on that day has linked Allatoona with one of the most stirring gospel lyrics of

the English language. Early in the day Sherman signaled to Corse: "Hold the fort; I am coming. Don't give up Allatoona."* From this message and the attendant thrilling circumstances has come the song which has been sung wherever the English language is spoken:

"Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.
Hold the fort for I am coming," etc.

* See Midland War Sketch II., November, 1894.

HOME THEMES.

THE FINAL SLUMBER-SONG.

Up on the hill where soft winds blow,
Under the bending skies,
Cometh faint whispers of long ago
And by-gone lullabies.
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Softly the winds are sighing,
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Where mother and babe are lying.

Summer sunshine and winter snows
Cover their lowly bed;
While farther away the dear past goes,
And quietly sleep the dead.
Home and love, home and love,
Rest, fond mother, dear;
Constant the stars shine from above,
And baby lieth near.

Over thy mound Love bendeth low,
With tribute of tears and flowers;
Yours is a bliss we cannot know,
But memory dear is ours.
Soft and clear, soft and clear,
Memory's ever singing;
Sweet to hear, low and near,
Comfort and solace bringing.

Day and night are the same to thee,
Years into ages creep,
Still will thy home and thy haven be
A long, sweet, dreamless sleep.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Why should the heart be weeping?
O'er darling baby and mother, blest,
Heaven her watch is keeping.

Harriet M. Talmadge.

OLD TIME LOVES AND LOVERS.

A beautiful story has drifted down to us of Governor Carver and his wife Katherine, and of their last days in the wilds of New England. After giving due praise to the fine, manly character of the Governor, the old record briefly states that "His wife, who was also a gracious woman, lived not six weeks after him; she being overcome with excessive grief for the loss of so gracious a husband, like-

wise died." A whole volume of poetry and romance is wrapped up in these simple lines. How infinitely touching are some of these old records with their brief stories of devotion and self-sacrifice! They honor human nature.

The quaint old love letters of Governor Winthrop show how large a niche love occupied in the lives of our serious old Puritan forefathers and foremothers. Under their somber garb hearts throbbed and thrilled with the tenderest human affections. Perhaps indeed, it was this earnest, serious element in them which made their loves and beliefs strike such deep root. These records of bygone times are like some sweet, old-fashioned garden full of myrtle and Star of Bethlehem and Life-Everlasting.

Ah! it does not require a great age of steam and invention and material progress to develop the highest products of human nature. The divine instincts of the soul burst into immortal bloom and beauty in the dreariest place, under the hardest and most adverse conditions, like the little flower that sprang up between the chinks of the stone pavement in Picciola's prison.

Mrs. Lillian Monk.

A THOUGHT'S MISSION.

The Poet's pen a bright thought dropped. It sparkled like the dew. It sank into a human soul and, flashing forth again, its beauty caught the Poet's eye. He, wondering, knew it not.

Lillian Barker.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE public has got in the way of expecting anything and everything from Gladstone, and had about settled down to the conclusion that the ex-premier would have no successor in all-aroundness of knowledge and power, when along came a young man named Balfour who, after distinguishing himself in statesmanship, gave evidence that he, too, had drank deeply from the Pierian spring in which the older philosopher perennially renews his youth. Strong as the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour was known to be, the world's reading people were not prepared to find this man, yet in the forties, assume the leadership of the agnostic thought of the day along the devious ways of theology. Hence it is that this man's new work, "The Foundations of Belief," is the book of the period with thoughtful men who incline to unbiased speculation on theology. The degree of importance accorded the work may be inferred from the fact that the *Quarterly Review* gives nearly twenty-two pages* to a review of it. The wonder is not only that Balfour could write a book so erudite and commanding, but also that he should want to apply himself to a task which, beginning somewhere, must inevitably end nowhere! Who among our Christian statesmen would not turn with relief from "the Foundations of Theology" to the simple trust and faith of a Whittier that—

"What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth."

The thought is accentuated as one turns to the last page of this long review to find the conclusion of the whole matter. Here it is: "It would be difficult to express better the sense with which the reader arises from the perusal of this work, of the painful and even exaggerated sensitiveness of its

*Twenty-two pages as copied in *Littell's Living Age* of June 15.

author to the limitations of human knowledge, to the shadowy and relative character of all we *can* grasp, to the darkness which shrouds the vast truth which exists somewhere to be known if ever the limitations of our present condition can be cast aside, than by recalling the words in which a great Christian thinker of our own time directed that his death should be described on his grave: '*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*'"

* * *

THAT noble order, the Knights of Pythias, does well to keep alive the ancient Pythian legend of brotherliness and unselfish sacrifice. Every child should be made familiar with the grand old story of Damon and Pythias. The Pythian spirit is not, however, confined to Old World legends, nor to our Caucasian race. Rev. Dr. J. L. Pickard closes his valuable paper in the *Annals of Iowa* on "Indian Tribes in Iowa Before 1846" with this remarkable incident—remarkable as showing the depth of a brother's love, the strength of family and tribal pride, and the magnanimity and high appreciation of bravery and self-sacrifice by a tribe that knew nothing of Old World ideals. Writes Doctor Pickard: "When the Ioway was treacherously murdered by a Sauk, Black Hawk found the criminal and was about to surrender him to the Ioways for punishment. Finding him too ill to go, a brother who offered himself as a substitute was accepted. In sight of the Ioway village Black Hawk dared go no farther, but the victim went on alone and surrendered himself. The Ioways were so struck with the magnanimity of the young brave, who was ready for the death which his brother had earned, that they released him and sent him back to his brother with a present of a pony."

* * *

THE Deep Waterway movement has aroused many far-seeing and deep-thinking men of affairs. It has millions in it

for the interior. Its success will mean nothing less than the commercial independence of the Middle-West.

* * *

THE sketch of Linnie Haguewood, by Bernard Murphy, in the July number of this magazine, acquainted many with the sad story of the shut-in life of a young woman bereft of the sense of hearing and the sense of sight, and with the efforts then making to provide for the further education of her singularly gifted mind. We are happy to state that, through Mr. Murphy's disinterested aid the sum of money necessary to provide Miss Haguewood with special instruction has been raised, and her immediate future is, therefore, assured.

* * *

A COMMON fault of young writers is likewise a very prevalent fault of young conversationists — the use of overworn and worn-out phrases. Let us make the point clear by a few everyday illustrations. Why always speak of the South as "the sunny South," or the West as "the wild West"? When you refer to your early choice of the West as your home, is it necessary to introduce the subject with the original remark, "I took Horace Greeley's advice"? When, after much exertion, a friend finally obtains a foothold on the street car, why should you make him doubly tired by the remark that "There's always room for one more"? When you find your neighbor running a lawn-mower, or pulling weeds, why not surprise him by saying something besides, "That's good for you"? When about to tell some off-color story, don't introduce it with the remark that you are "not going to spoil a good story for relation's sake." Tell some other story that doesn't call for an apology.

* * *

ALBERT GALLATIN RIDDLE, in his "Reminiscences of Men and Events in Washington, 1860-1865," says: "No man has ever served through three Congresses and returned healthfully to take up his old life and pursuits. No matter how innocent and regular may be a man's life

and habits in Washington, his mind does not escape the kind of dissipation that in a way unfits it for the ordinary pursuits of life." While this strong statement may be founded upon fact, the fact makes a very unstable foundation for a statement so sweeping. There are thousands of three-term ex-members of Congress now serving their day and generation in our country's community life quite unconscious of the demoralization to which Mr. Riddle alludes.

* * *

THE Type of Midland Beauty presented in this number of THE MIDLAND is Mrs. William H. Hubbard, of Chicago, formerly Miss Susan C. Weare, daughter of the late John Weare, of Cedar Rapids.

* * *

THE latest attempt to create that long desired common gender pronoun is by Professor Henry G. Williams in his "Outings of Psychology." His pronoun is "thon." He says: "Every student should acquaint himself with some method by which thon can positively correlate the facts of thon's knowledge." With all due deference to Professor Williams, we prefer to go on correlating in the old awkward way.

* * *

"AFTER Christianity, What?" is the subject of a paper in the *Free Thought Magazine*, of Chicago, by Mr. E. W. Skinner, of Sioux City. Give us more real, live, all day and every day Christianity, and there will be no more question as to what may come after Christianity.

* * *

H. C. BUNNER says colleges do much to foster disrespect of public judgment, and he proceeds to scold the colleges therefor. Mr. Bunner should begin at the other end and scold the public for the non-self-respecting variableness of its judgment.

* * *

THE *American Newsmen*, of New York, notes that "the increase of circulating libraries in the South and West is most marked, while no increase is noted in the East." What does this mean?

RIDER HAGGARD was treated better than he now realizes by the constituency that was asked to send him to parliament. Now that he has been retired from politics we may expect from him something better than "She" and the rest.

AMONG THE PERIODICALS.

The Macmillans announce that *The American Historical Review* will appear October 1st and quarterly thereafter—at \$3 a year,* or \$1 a number. Its distinguished board of editors is made up of Professors Adams of Yale, Hart of Harvard, Judson of Chicago, McMaster of Pennsylvania, Sloane of Princeton, and Stephens of Cornell.

The most original paper in the August *Lippincott* is Annie Steger Winston's "Pleasures of Bad Taste." It is delightfully audacious and heterodox, for instance: "Bad taste, as we call it, is often but the manifestation of a strong individuality and an artless nature." And, again: "The people of bad taste are people who know what they like, which is a gift emphatically rare among those who only sin against beauty *en masse* and with the sanction of authority. For them there are joys in every art, in every department of life, of which their contemporaries know nothing. The anxious effort to be correct, to follow precedent, is fatal to any real enjoyment."

Hawaii is getting ambitious literarily. It now has its magazine, *The Hawaiian*.

Mr. Page's resignation left the editorship of *The Forum* vacant. The temporary vacancy is filled by Mr. Rice, one of the founders of that great thought distributor.

The Writer for August says compensation for short stories, as distinct from novelettes or novels, varies all the way from the *Century's* or *Harper's* \$150 to the *Waverly's* year's subscription receipt, and most writers begin with trying the former and gradually work downward toward the latter.

George Beardsley, of Chicago, whose new contribution to the yet unwritten complete life of Lincoln appears in the present number, has an able paper in the last Quarterly *Journal of Economics* (published by Harvard University) entitled, "The Effect of an Eight Hours' Day on Wages and the Unemployed." Mr. Beardsley argues that the general adoption of the eight-hour day would be a general blessing, increasing the number of the employed and not proportionately

decreasing the daily wage. But there's the rub—that word "general." With an eight-hour day in the United States and a twelve-hour day in Europe, we would be compelled to rear the tariff wall higher than it has yet been raised in order to protect the product of our eight-hour labor from the output of their twelve-hour labor. As with proposed measures for revising our monetary system, so with this proposition to alter the standard of the day's work: two courses are open to us, one full of danger, the other inviting us to long and vexatious delay and no certainty at the end of our waiting. We may shut ourselves in and "go it alone" and take the consequences of our isolated policy; or we may from time to time renew our invitations to Old World powers to confer with us, and then resume our waiting for the troubling of the waters on the other side. The argument for an eight-hour day is, in theory, unanswerable; but, when we approach the question of practical application, we are beset with difficulties from which the wisest and best friends of the measure draw back in fear. The theorists with their great expectations, their noble enthusiasm and their missionary zeal may, however, ultimately succeed in opening the way now beset with seemingly insuperable obstacles.

A writer in the *Atlantic* pleads for the restoration of the word "lady," with all it once implied. The distinction this writer makes is well reinforced by this quotation from Dante: "Those who are gentle and are not women merely."

The most significant showing of progress made in the September *Review of Reviews* is relative to the growth of sentiment and of laws for the repression of the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. In France, Germany and Russia and in the Southern States of our own country the traffic in intoxicants has been greatly circumscribed in response to an aroused public sentiment.

The frankness of the Rev. William Hayes Ward, editor of Mr. Bowen's *Independent*, is refreshing—if not decidedly cooling. In *The Writer* for September, Mr. Ward says: "One of my principal duties as superintending editor of the *Independent* is to prevent the publication of articles in its columns. I do not prevent people from writing to the *Independent*. [How could he!] I am glad to have them do it. [He must be!] But I never encourage those whose literary position is not assured to write us." Further on, Mr. Ward admits that he does "once in a year or two find that

some new writer shows real genius." Compare this clammily cold comfort with the warm-hearted words of sympathy and helpful words of counsel which Howells utters in the *Youth's Companion* of September 5, and rejoice in the steadily enlarging influence of the Howellses, and the fast waning influence of the Wards, as factors in the developing and shaping of American literature.

While certain (and uncertain) monthlies have of late been falling over one another in their mad rush to get down to the *Munsey* price level, at least one periodical has dared face the discovery that it has been selling too cheap, and has announced an advance of 50 cents in its subscription price—namely, *The Editor*, of Franklin, Ohio.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for September contains a paper on "Cultivating the Lily," by Eben E. Rexford, author of the August MIDLAND paper on Mackinac. Its editor, Mr. Bok, has a "Handful of Laconics," which bear very remote comparison with Lacon; for instance, "To be a good listener is to possess as great an art as to be a good talker." Another "laconic" is to the effect that "the sweetheart does not always survive the wife." The September number comes folded flat, not round as before. The unwieldy folio size of the *Journal* is causing much trouble. Folded flat it creases and cracks; rolled, the paper retains its tendency to roll. The August number vaguely hints at a change of form, but the publisher shrinks from the increased expense of the magazine form.

Mary Hallock Foote is even a greater artist with her pen than with her brush. Her story, "The Cup of Trembling," in the September *Century*, is a tragedy that

thrills. It is also a picture of winter in the mountains of Idaho which can be distinctly recalled a year hence—and that is saying much for the picture.

The kindest and most helpful of talks with young authors, by the one above all others best fitted by nature and experience to give counsel, appears in the *Youth's Companion* of September 5. "An Editor's Relations with Young Authors," by William Dean Howells, is a paper which ought to be in the hands of every young aspirant for place in literature. It is written in the philosopher's inimitable style, familiar, good-natured, generous. It embodies the wisdom which comes with experience—in this case an experience covering the whole range of literary activities. No young writer can lay down this paper without feeling a sense of gratitude to the large-souled man for his half-hour's talk with them. Send five cents in postage stamps to the *Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass., for a copy of the September 5 number. This suggestion is not an advertisement; it is intended as a kindness to young writers—and out of consideration for much misunderstood editors.

Julia Magruder hasn't strengthened her hold upon the public by her "Princess Sonia," concluded in the September *Century*. She tells the heart story of a woman who dishonestly chose to remain in the temporarily rôle of a Russian princess, and deliberately chose to leave a true and devoted husband whom she herself loved, and, when the heart encounter came, deliberately lied to her husband, declaring she did not love him. There are such women in the world, but why should they be heroine-ized?

CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CHICKAMAUGA DEATH-RATE FURTHER CONSIDERED AND COMPARED.

I have read with interest Colonel Hatry's article on the Battle of Chickamauga in the September MIDLAND, and, while I think his account is in the main correct, I feel confident that, in his comparison between our losses at Chickamauga and the losses sustained in some of the great battles of the Napoleonic era, he has fallen into serious error. For instance: He states that "Wellington lost in killed and wounded at Waterloo, 11,960, or a little less than 12 per cent (?) of his 90,000 men."

Now, Creasy, the historian, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," tells a different story. He says Wellington's force at Waterloo was 67,655, or over 22,000 less than stated by Colonel Hatry; also, that Wellington's loss in killed and wounded was nearly 15,000, or about 22 per cent instead of 12. Again, in the account of this battle, as given in one of our best encyclopædias, which is claimed to be the official report of the battle, Wellington's force is given as 69,884, and his killed and wounded at 16,185, or about 23 per cent of his force. The English historian, Green, agrees practically with the authorities cited when he states that Wellington's force at Waterloo was a

little less than 70,000 men. We may also as well remember that the battle of Chickamauga occupied two days, while Waterloo only began at 11:30 A. M. and was about over at dark the same day.

Comrade Hatry states that Napoleon's loss at Wagram was but 5 per cent, but history declares his force at that great conflict to have been 180,000 men, and his loss 25,000, or about 14 per cent. While Napoleon's loss at Austerlitz may not have been over 14 per cent, why, in discussing losses in battle, should we limit our investigations to only one of the contending armies? We shall find that at Austerlitz, as at many of Napoleon's battles, his loss was far less, proportionately, than that of his enemy, and that of the 164,000 men engaged, the loss was 42,000, or 26 per cent. It is no doubt true, that the losses in the battles of our late War, at least those of individual organizations, have not been exceeded in modern warfare. A few well-authenticated instances: At Antietam, the First Texas had engaged 226 men; killed and wounded, 186, or 82 per cent. On the Union side, at the battle of Cold Harbor, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts had 215 killed and wounded out of 302 engaged, or 71 per cent. Tennyson has immortalized the *awful slaughter* sustained by the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War some forty years ago. Yet, what was the loss to that organization in killed and wounded in that historic charge? Not quite 37 per cent, or, in fact, scarcely one-half as great, according to numbers engaged, as was sustained by many organizations, both Union and Confederate, during our late Civil War.

It will be plain to the reader that this article has not been written for the purpose of belittling the achievements of our soldiery, for well I know that never, on the world's most famous and historic fields, was there witnessed greater valor, more heroic sacrifice. Never, from Marathon to Sedan, were there ever seen bloodier or more desperately contested fields than those of Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Shiloh and others equally famous in our War history.

Rockford, Ia.

L. BROWN, M. D.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

If you find my MS. not available, kindly inform me and I will send stamps for its return.

Where did this form of words originate? Why is it so persistently used? Look at it! A single mail this morning brought us forty-nine letters, all of which requiring some measure of our time. Why further multiply correspondence?

Why should we be expected to first write a letter informing the author that his MS. is not available; then store the MS. for safe keeping; then on receipt of stamps turn to our big book of listed MSS. to find out when this particular MS. was received and where it is stored; then search for it, then enclose it, then address the envelope, then stamp it and commit it to the mails — when all this time would have been saved had the MS. in question been accompanied at the first by a stamped and addressed envelope! We are not scolding — we are simply impressing upon the contributor's mind the aphorism that "time is money," and that the best way is the simplest and most direct.

If it is not too much trouble will you please publish my sketch "—————" over my own name instead of "—————" as signed.

At least six writers of accepted papers and poems have within the past six weeks written the editor to the same effect, — and they are sensible. Life is too short for the struggle to win literary fame for one name only to have that fame in the end transferred to another name. We venture to say, without knowing, that could Alice French, or Mary N. Murfree, or Marian Evans, live her literary life over again, she would not use a pseudonym. There may be some special reason why a person would live and die, as lived and died the author of the Letters of Junius, his personal identity unknown; but, in most instances of pseudonym the secret thought of the heart is alternating fear lest the first steps fail and anticipation of the future glad surprise of the author's world of friends on learning that they have so long been on intimate terms with genius and not known it. There really need be no fear of the first step, if that step is taken in THE MIDLAND, or any other distinctively literary magazine; for the magazine editor can't afford to be so cruelly clever as to admit anything into his columns that is not up to standard. He is compelled even to return so much good literary matter that his acceptance means that, so far as his interested judgment goes, the accepted manuscript is extra-available. Assuming that his is a fair average judgment, sharpened by interest and quickened by constant exercise, it is reasonably safe to say that any MS. good enough to find place in his magazine will be a credit, not a discredit, to its author.

Being only — years old, can't I lay claim to being your youngest contributor?

Yes, if you choose; but not in THE MIDLAND. The age of a writer has nothing to do with the MS. In literature there should be no "infant prodigies."

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

BLANCHE FEARING AND HER WORK.

Contributed.

The center of population has been steadily moving westward during the last century at an average rate of five miles annually. Westward, too, the literary center has advanced,—in late years at an accelerated pace. The strong and sturdy West, which has on more than one occasion astonished the world by her vast resources and achievements, has conclusively shown that the pen in the hands of her sons and daughters is at once an artistic and powerful instrument. The spirit of energy and enthusiasm characteristic of the region pervades its literary work. That work is strong, pure and wholesome, while oftentimes in æsthetic construction it does not suffer by comparison with the classics. The extent to which the western slope of the upper Mississippi valley has assisted in raising American literature to its present standard of excellence was never so fully appreciated as to-day, and to the timely sketches in *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* a not inconsiderable proportion of this public recognition is due.

The recent appearance of "Roberta" brings again into ascendancy one who has been on more than one occasion a bright light in this literary firmament. For though now a resident of Chicago, Blanche Fearing is proud to claim Iowa as the State of her nativity. There her early education was received; there her poetic inspiration was born and nurtured; there, on the banks of her loved Mississippi, her first volume of poems was written; and there, in one of nature's charming retreats, readily located by some of my readers, she finds temporary refuge and relief for the grief-stricken Roberta.

Her taste for literature was manifested at an early age, and when only eight years old she wrote her first poem, "Happy Children." It was published in a home paper, and not only showed the child-poet's clear conception of rhyme and meter, but reflected her sunny disposition. Other poems rapidly followed until, at the age of twelve years, she had written enough to fill a good-sized volume and had taken two literary prizes in competition with adults. Many of these earlier poems were published in various papers and magazines, and some were

copied,—for their merits alone, the author's extreme youth being unknown to the editor. In this way her verses found a place among the poetic "gems" of the *Boston Transcript*,—one of the most fastidious of journals—before she was ten years old. Her writings of this period were aglow with vivid and beautiful imagery, and displayed a depth of thought and feeling quite beyond the comprehension, much less the composition, of the average child of her age.

Her first published volume, "The Sleeping World and Other Poems," contains twenty-seven poems of varying length and meter, while the wide range of subjects reveals the versatility of the author. It met with a cordial reception in her native city and from the press in general. Of it William Morton Payne has written in a magazine article: "Its contents are essentially lyrical and subjective. The Tennysonian influence is very marked, but the poems are far from being merely imitative. A note of song stronger and more sustained has hardly been sounded by any other American woman." Especially gratifying must it have been to the young writer that this initial volume should bring personal letters of praise and encouragement from such masters in the art as Joaquin Miller, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Oliver Wendell Holmes and John G. Whittier.

A head less evenly balanced might have been rendered unsteady by so much commendation. Yet the showers of praise lavished upon her never, even in childhood, fostered any parasitic seeds of vanity and conceit, but only stimulated healthy growth. In "Praise," a poem included in this first volume, it is apparent that, while by no means indifferent regarding the opinions of others, her thoughts soared beyond earth for final approbation. The closing stanzas of the selection serve as illustrative of this point:

Though stars of human power should rise,
Should blaze, should burst, should sink un-
seen,
Though storms of change across the skies
Should sweep their fiery skirts,—serene
My soul could stand, and strong and clear.
Like God's own bugle blast, could hear
Above the deep, discordant clash
Of mortals judging mortal things.
Above the wondrous silver crash
Of angel glitterers swept by wings.
One grand note of approval run
Through all, above all,—God's "Well done!"

Several of these poems abound in philosophy and are couched in terms reveal-

*Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; \$1.00.

ing rare depth of feeling and broadness of human sympathy. Yet, while quotations gleam like stray jewels taken from a rich mosaic, they cannot but suffer by detachment. These poems are too strong, too rich in depth of feeling to be broken into fragments. There is in them a power which not only holds the reader, but raises him to purer and nobler thoughts and aspirations. The following sonnet, entitled "The Snow," will be read with pleasure, not only for the exquisite beauty of poetic thought, but also because it is one of the author's favorite productions:

Between thy frozen eyelids, in swift grace,
Touched with the form and splendor of the
spheres.

As white as angel's thoughts, thy gelid tears,
O mourning nature down thy bosom trace
Their way, and fold thee in a white embrace.
Oh, soft as footsteps of retreating years
That vibrate only in the soul's quick ears!
Oh, pure as kisses on an infant's face!
Thus may my days fall—white, and pure, and
still—

Upon the world's cold forehead, lending so
More grace to her bleak brows which throb
and thrill

With inward fevers, noiseless as the snow.
Oh, white and noiseless, may they drift, and
fold

Dark spaces of the earth with grace untold!

Soon after the publication of her first volume, Miss Fearing went to Chicago and entered Union College as a student of law. Within the past few years many avenues previously barred, or at least seriously obstructed to women, have been

opened; and while she was not the first of her sex to enter the legal profession, the path she entered was, to say the least, not a well beaten one. If her fellow students looked a little askance at the slight young girl so presumptuous as to strive to enter their ranks as an equal, this feeling was soon replaced by astonishment not unmingled with admiration. The situation in the midwinter following her matriculation is thus described in one of the city papers:

"The students of the college of law simply hold their breaths when Miss Blanche Fearing arises to speak or answer a question.... A law point which she thoroughly understands she never forgets, and a student of the school told a *News* reporter that since she entered the law class last September she has accomplished the amazing and unprecedented feat of answering correctly every question put to her.... She is said to possess a power of expression and eloquence that promises a marvelous future."

She graduated the following year, taking a prize for scholarship, and demonstrating conclusively that even a woman's brain is capable of mastering the intricacies of the law!

Miss Fearing at once entered upon the practice of her profession in Chicago and has achieved success. Further, she finds the broad experience in and knowledge of human affairs and human character, which she acquires in this practice, a rich and constant source from which to draw for her literary work, and realizes that one can learn more from men and women than from books.

This is forcibly illustrated by her second volume, "In the City by the Lake," consisting of two blank verse narratives, the latter the complement and in a certain sense the sequel of the former. These combine the fine poetic qualities which marked her former work, with the broader and more practical applications which result from actual contact with real life in its manifold phases. The paramount interest in the stories, tender and pathetic in themselves, rests in the fact that the heroines are types of victims of our social wrongs. "Aside from beauty and perfection of construction," writes Frances E. Willard in the *Union Signal*, "the book is replete with profound truths, touching with unswerving directness and inherent delicacy upon some of the gravest social questions that are before the thinkers of the day." Of it Octave Thanet says: "There are lines in the volume that any of our poets might be glad to have written, and *Magia* is a heroine that any of our novelists might



MISS BLANCHE FEARING, OF CHICAGO.

be glad to claim. I am mistaken if the lines before the title shall not come to be more and more on the tongues and pens of your countrymen as the fullest and truest description, in brief, of Chicago. The lines referred to are as follows.

Here in this splendid city by the lake,
I dream that man has a majestic hope.
Because all elements of life and thought
Enrich her blood and stimulate her brain.
Here is the world epitomized, for here
Are pulses out of every nation's heart.
And men may study mankind at their
hearthst.

This is to be a favorite battle-ground
For truth and error. Here, as time moves on,
Great causes will be martialled. Times have
been

Already, when the stirring trumpet blast
Of an approaching conflict shook the world
Out of its dream of safety. Oh, then teach
All capable of bearing the bright arms
Of reason, fearless, independent thought!
If you would lead men surely angelward,
Teach them to think,—not what to think,
but how.

Memory gems abound; in fact, there is scarcely a page without one or more passages worthy of special notice. How beautifully is the sunshine in the soul of the child Magia described:

"There is something in me laughs."
It was the ecstasy of perfect life.
That like an angel leaped and clapped its
wings
With sounds of rhythmic sweetness in the
soul.
And silver bursts of laughter from the lips
That rippled unrestrainedly.

Here we have defined the highest type of art:

Men and women.
Who set us palpitating with the thrill
Of something loftier than we yet have
dreamed,
Are God's sublimest poems.

How the general adoption of these lines as a motto would hasten the millennium:

Let our chiefest mission be
To make ourselves the noblest that we may;
And second, to ennoble other men;
Because the great Christ-passion to redeem
Burns in our hearts, and life is but half lived,
Unless we feel that men have touched our
robes,
And virtue has gone out from us.

Miss Fearing's enthusiasm for the great waters is evinced by frequent figures in her earlier poems. Perhaps this love was instilled by the "bird's eye glimpses of the vast river that the Iowans love," so quaintly described by Octave Thanet; for "the steel-blue glint of the water" and "the three bridges tying three towns to the island arsenal" were ever visible from the home of her childhood. But if she loved the Mississippi, how much more the great Lake Michigan, with its ever-changing colors and songs of many keys! Many of the most beautiful pen pictures in her later writings represent its magic sheet in the distance, and in not a

few is it brought so near that we can hear "those infinite voices that have a special meaning for every listening ear."

In "Roberta," Miss Fearing's latest work and first novel, we have depicted a transition from childhood to maturity, in which the evils of our social system weave their dark meshes over a pure life, obscuring but never totally extinguishing the angelic light in the soul; and finally the emergence of an outcast, a criminal in the eyes of the world, into a true, womanly woman; one who seeks power solely for the good of humanity; who finds greatest contentment in saving a soul from despair. The story is a vivid one, and the panorama of life in the Western metropolis, as here displayed, arouses the most serious thought and contemplation. Here, too, the professional experience of the writer is of inestimable value; of it the realistic court scenes and exposition of the workings of judicial machinery are a direct product.

Miss Fearing proves herself an astute and accurate analyst of human character. Her characters, eccentric though some of them are, become to the reader real personages.

There are many striking passages in "Roberta," in which those who best know her behold a revelation of the author's own remarkable personality. That the book is not weak, the opening lines are evidence:

The law of gravity which disposes the physical universe into planetary systems, constellations, spheres and firmaments, has its archetype in the universe of mind. All thought and action revolve about certain great centers. If there is a recording angel who keeps the ponderous records of eternity, he uses certain mighty pivotal transpirings about which to balance an eternity of lesser things. History is crowded with star events about which centuries revolve. Lo, here the birth of a Jesus, or there the flight of a Mohammed, and half a world has found a great, central, controlling power about which to revolve, from which to reckon, forward and backward. Nations have their revolutions and their restorations, their plagues and their famines. Cities have their great festivals, their fires and their floods from which to reckon. The lives of individuals balance about a few controlling events, without which life would be a chaotic, disorganized nebula of happenings.

Chicagoans date all events from the fire of 1871. "And well they may, for out of it was the city born anew. All that is to-day it might have been some day without the assistance of the regenerating flames, but its development would doubtless have been protracted through a much longer period. The gods seem sometimes to grow impatient of the slow processes of evolution, and send forth the ruthless angel of disaster with a blazing conflagra-

tion in his eyes, a whirlwind in his breath, or a social cataclysm in his bosom, to crowd the work of a century into one decade. . . . Happy were the individual soul if the great fires of grief and misfortune that sometimes sweep over it would consume its past and leave it clean for the building of a new life. But the soul, alas! can never burn away its ruins. It may build over them, but it is ever conscious of their presence." In this paragraph we catch a glimpse of the source of some of the author's inspirations, behold a revelation of her aims—a mirror of her soul:

"It is the unfolding consciousness of life that opens the deeps of both sorrow and joy. The less we know of life, the shallower are our griefs and our pleasures. But it is a blessed thing to have a long childhood, for childhood is the time of rapid and unconscious growth, during which the soul is preparing for blossoming and fruitage. After the blossoming and fruitage begin, the growth goes on more slowly, but the soul grows conscious of itself and what it is doing and becoming. A long childhood is a blessed thing to remember. I pity him who has had no childhood to live over in his dreams, and to wander in like a beautiful garden through which memory leads him, and where he may gather up the lovely flowers which he threw away by the handful when he wandered there as a child; flowers which he may press and analyze and keep their fragrance to sweeten his winter time. I pity him who cannot recall a time when he did not feel the great responsibilities of life weighing upon him, who cannot remember a time when he did not carry burdens, not such as are fitted to the shoulders of childhood, but burdens fashioned for the shoulders of men and women, burdens that crush the weak and make the strong stagger. Alas! for him who cannot remember the time when he proudly laid aside the careless joys of childhood, and stood up, strong, eager, fearless, stretching out his arms to life, crying:

"I am ready for the burden: lay it upon me."

BESSIE L. PUTNAM.

Harmonsbury, Pa.

Mr. Crawford has written many novels since his "Mr. Isaacs"* made him famous, some of them rare works of art, others continually suggesting that his publisher must pay him by the page. But that prolific author has not yet surpassed "Mr. Isaacs" in strength of plot and in sus-

tained interest. That portion of the public that couldn't afford to buy the high-priced first edition of this novel will rejoice to learn that Macmillan has included it in the popular "Novelists' Library" series. Unlike most paper-covered novels, the novels in this series are printed with beautiful typography and on good paper.

Another of this series is "Grania,"* by "the Hon." Emily Lawless, a tragic story of the Arran Isles in Galway Bay. It is thoroughly Gaelic in conception and execution and therefore sad. It is the old story of loving not wisely but too well, but with new and romantic stage settings. Grania loved a lazy, worthless youth and with the inevitable evil consequences. The story of Grania's drowning is a fine piece of description, recalling the tragic picture of the flood in "Mill on the Floss,"—recalling it by reason of its strength, and not because of any similarity of treatment.

So much has been said in the press about "doctoring" history for Southern schools, that when we opened the new "History of our Country, a Text-book for Schools,"† by an ex-superintendent of public instruction for the State of Texas, and two other Texas instructors,‡ we confess it was with a lurking suspicion that the book might prove to be sectional. But a careful investigation discloses a gratifying breadth and depth of the author's patriotism, and a well-grounded confidence in the supremacy of the Federal Union. As a text book it is attractive and well arranged, leading the learner on from strength to strength.

"Hamlet up to Date" is such a book as only a young man would conceive—and he a student. There is a keen relish of bookish humor which belongs to the young student and no one else—an inclination to turn Hamlet's velvet coat inside out, to guy the First Gravedigger, to tear the masks from the faces of the players and start a laugh at the critical moment when the killing should begin. O, glorious, good-feeling, irreverent, iconoclastic youth! You shall have even our "Hamlet," if you must have it, to amuse you when off duty! Nothing's too good for you—we fear. "Hamlet up to Date"|| is by C. Morton Sciple and Charles Coleman Stoddard, and these young men want it distinctly understood, for the benefit of posterity, that Lord Bacon had nothing

*Macmillan & Company, publishers, New York; 50 cents.

†Ginn & Company, Boston; \$1.15.

‡Professors Oscar H. Cooper, Harry F. Estell and Leonard Lemmon.

||The Eschenbach Printing House, Easton, Pennsylvania.

*Macmillan & Company, publishers, New York; 50 cents.

to do with their play. They do, however, admit the collaboration of William Shakespeare! The work is not all good, but it abounds in good hits, catchy songs and rollicking dialogue.

"Iowa and the Nation,"* by George Chandler, superintendent of city schools, Osage, Iowa, was written, as the author declares in his preface, to answer a demand for a single text on state and national government. One of the best signs of the times is the increasing interest in civil government,—municipal, state and national, and it is well to utilize this hopeful condition by strengthening the department of civil government in our public schools. This book seems to cover the whole field of inquiry relative to Iowa and the general government. It is well indexed, the indices showing the completeness of the work. With such helps to the acquisition of knowledge the future graduates of our public schools will be better equipped than their fathers were—and, surely, they ought to be.

"Hours at Home"† has an original touch that we like. We can even overlook "lay" for "lie" in "Among the Peaks," and "I" for "me" in "Sheltered," in the joy of discovery on finding such real pictures as—

My camp-fire leaps to greet the night,
And paints the craggy cliffs
With fairies, born of blazing light,
That chase the windy whiffs.

Why the poet, Iowa born, happened to be a citizen of Cripple Creek, Colorado, may be inferred from the last stanza of "Dissatisfied":

Across the snow
No buffalo
Trails out his way with streaming breast.
No, not a charm
On this old farm!
I must go West! I must go West!

"Simplified Elocution,"‡ by Edwin Gordon Lawrence, director of the Lawrence School of Acting, New York, appears to be the kind of a book a student of elocution ought to carry around with him. Instead of teaching the strained and painfully artificial method of rendering selections, it instructs the pupil to conceal art with naturalness. From Shakespeare's time down to date, the stagey manner, the strained pronunciation and the mere mouthings of ill-taught readers of noble lines, has been an abomination. We welcome any teacher who is trying to offset the false teaching and

bad example of the moutherers and ranters who take the name of elocution in vain.

Continuing the Macmillan series of old English authors, the next republication to claim our attention is "Jacob Faithful," by Captain Marryat.* What a wind-fall a volume of Captain Marryat was to the boys of other days! With "The King's Own," "The Poacher" or any one of the least of that author's novels, bed-time came all too soon, and sleep was full of dreams of boy and man adventures, of fortunes gained and love well won. The highest compliment that amiable cynic, Thackeray, ever paid others of his craft was in "Roundabout Papers." Speaking of the delights of fever and ague, he said: "In one or two of these fits, I have read novels with the most frightful contentment of mind. Once on the Mississippi it was my beloved 'Jacob Faithful'; once at Frankfort-on-the-Main the delightful '*l'ingt aus apres*' of Monsieur Dumas; once at Tunbridge Wells the thrilling 'Woman in White,' and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude." The ague test is surely one of the severest to which any book could be subjected. Jacob Faithful is a clever boy who after many downs and ups finally reaches success and with it "the sweets of leisure, an honored home." The story is bright, at times jolly, never of doubtful ending like the realistic novel of our time. It is light reading—entertaining, diverting, ague-dispelling. One of the best things said by Mr. David Hannay in his introduction is this, relative to the Marryat style of novel: "The fashion for these things is gone and nobody wants to bring it back. It was better in its time, and will wear better, than the smart cackle, cynical humor at second-hand from America, 'cruelty' at second-hand from France, and gabble about social 'problems' which are the fashion of to-day." The book is pleasingly and profusely illustrated by Henry M. Brock.

Alphonse Van Daell, professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has done a service to students of the French language by putting into his "Introduction to French Authors"† and his "Introduction to the French Language"‡ a simple, logical, practical method of getting at the language and the thought of the French, a method developed by long experience as an instructor. The first part of the "Introduction to the

*A. Flanagan, publisher, Chicago.

†Published by the Author, Cripple Creek, Colo.; 75 cents.

‡Published by the Author, 106 West Forty-second Street, New York.

*Macmillan & Company, New York; \$1.25.

†Ginn & Company, publishers, Boston.

French Language" is made up of practical lessons—variously arranged to meet the principal difficulties of the student; the second part is a plain exposition of the essentials of French grammar, this part to be continually referred to, not studied. The "Introduction to the French Authors" consists chiefly of short, easy stories, acquainting the student with the best French authors and with a variety of styles and of material. A second part, devoted to the history of France and other information relative to the people whose literature is under consideration, and a vocabulary, all together make this little work a very valuable one to the student who would go directly into the heart of French literature.

"Sappho and Other Songs" (chiefly Sappho) is a little book copyrighted by its author, L. B. Pemberton, of Los Angeles. Here is a born poet, who pictures "the Land of Love and Youth and Harmony" as though he were a dweller in that land; a man who might do much to make that summerland in which he actually dwells, namely, Southern California, a dream of delight to others less favored; but instead of living up to his opportunities, he has deliberately gone back to the mythical Sappho of Lesbos, six hundred years or more before Christ, and rewritten and retouched the old Greek story of Sappho and Phaon. A sonnet on Sappho now and then is well, continuing the flow of old Greek verse—but a whole book! When one acquires a taste for Greek poetry and the myths which constitute its better part, it's like an acquired taste for olives, or for lobsters, it becomes a minor sort of passion. This is shown by the concluding words of Mr. Pemberton's preface, in which he says he launched his bark, his poem, "on a sea as cold, unfathomable and uncertain, perhaps, as that one on which the divine Sappho desperately threw herself more than twenty-five centuries ago,"—thus showing that he built his bark because he loved to build it—and not because he thought it would make a good sailor.

And, too, there is Edward Arnold Lee, of Odessa, Missouri, a man with a head full of poetry, but beset with the old idea that one must dutifully thresh the old straw over again. He has chosen to write a little poem entitled "The Prodigal." It is a rhymeful, rhythmical version of the old biblical story. Turning to the simple, narrative style in which the story was originally told—a style admirably retained in the translations—one cannot keep back the question: Why should anyone attempt to better this? Far from being discouraged at this reception of his little book, Mr. Lee should count his work done on "The Prodigal" as so much mechanical preparation for future more soulful work.

This is the period for the chronicling of local history—while the pioneers of the midland region are yet with us. We hail with satisfaction every contribution to the general fund of truthful story and sketch which makes us more familiar with the heroic period of our development. One of the most interesting books of this nature is "Pioneer Life in and around Cedar Rapids, from 1839 to 1849" by Rev. George R. Carroll, of Cedar Rapids, himself a pioneer from the far-away period of which he interestingly writes. One rises from this truthful narrative more than ever impressed with the moral courage of the pioneers and the debt we owe the brave men and women who founded our commonwealth.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Light Out of Darkness," by Mrs. George P. Goldie. Goldie Bros., publishers, Sioux City. Fifty cents.

"The Whittier Year Book." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.

"The Flower of England's Face," Sketches of English Travel, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Macmillan & Co., New York; 75 cents.

"Ormond," a tale, by Marie Edgeworth. Macmillan & Co., New York; \$1.25.

*George R. Carroll, publisher, Cedar Rapids; \$1.



